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THE ISLE OF THE DEAD

by

Ardel Wray and Josef Mischel

DECEMBER 11, 1944

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THE ISLE OF THE DEAD

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Ardel Wray and Josef Mischel

The MAIN and CREDIT TITLES are SUPERIMPOSED on a MATTE SHOT of "The Isle of the Dead." When the last CREDIT TITLE FADES the painting is left clear for a moment and then there FADE IN the following:

WHEN WAR AND TUMULT TORMENT THE EARTH,  
THE DEAD ARE DISQUIETED: THERE IS  
FRENZY IN THE GRAVE. HERODOTUS

When this TITLE has remained on the screen long enough to be read, underneath it appear in block letters the caption:

GREECE - 1912

DISSOLVE

INT. HEADQUARTERS TENT - NIGHT

1 CLOSEUP - the hands of General Nikolas Pherides. He is washing them in a small basin. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the man himself. He stands in one corner of the tent; a tall, rough-looking officer, wearing a common soldier's simple uniform with only the twin stars on his epaulets to mark him as a General of Brigade. He is half turned away from the wash basin looking at someone out of scene. Behind him, however, on the tent wall, the shadows of three confused figures can be seen; the central figure straight and still, the other two in violent movement. The General watches whatever is going on with cold impassivity.

COLONEL'S VOICE

They were raw troops -- they'd  
marched all night -- they hadn't  
eaten all day -- they were under  
heavy fire -- and you won the  
battle -- we're encamped on the  
field.

The General's face remains perfectly expressionless. From o.s. comes the sound of ripping cloth and then again the Colonel's voice, more frantic, more pleading.

COLONEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

It was not my fault that they  
did not arrive in time.

(CONTINUED)

The General still remains unmoved. Again there is the sound of ripping cloth and again the Colonel's voice, pleading, explaining.

COLONEL'S VOICE (cont'd)

Only one company was late. As soon as I could I moved them up.

- 2 FULL SHOT - the interior of the tent. The CAMERA IS SET UP BEHIND the General so as TO TAKE IN the left wall of the tent and the door. Between the General and the doorway is a small plain table. Behind is a camp chair. In front of the left-hand wall is a camp cot. On this camp cot is seated Oliver Davis, a young American correspondent for the Boston Star; an admirer of Richard Harding Davis, he imitates him in his outer habiliments; the semi-uniform outfit, the officer's musette bag. He looks from the General to the man who is speaking.

COLONEL

They didn't rest. I made them move on.

In front of the doorway is a Colonel of the Greek Army in field uniform. He stands between two other officers who, even as he speaks, are stripping him of his rank; tearing the epaulets from his uniform, the buttons from his tunic and the stripes from his trousers. Three other officers stand in the corner of the tent watching.

- 3 MED. FULL SHOT - the General. He extends his hands to an orderly who gives him a towel. He dries his hands and starts toward the little table in the center of the tent.
- 4 ANOTHER ANGLE. The General comes up to the table and stops. On the table is an assortment of military odds and ends; a map, field glasses and a revolver. The revolver lies with its butt toward the General. He looks at it, then looks up at the Colonel. There is silence in the tent. All eyes watch the General. Very calmly and deliberately he picks up the revolver, holds it for a moment in his hand, then lays it down on the farther edge of the table, the butt toward the Colonel. There is a slight movement among the officers. The Colonel stands looking down at the revolver, then steps forward and picks it up, holding it in his left hand. He makes a gesture with his right hand as if he were about to begin another speech of explanation, then he looks at the General and his hands drop to his side. He turns and goes out of the tent. One of the two officers follows him. Everyone looks toward the tent flap. The tent flap has hardly ceased to stir from the officer's passage through it when there is the sound of a shot. The General nods as if in approbation.

GENERAL

The men of his command -- the men who were slow today -- put them in the front line tomorrow.

The officers salute and leave the tent. Oliver Davis, without leaving the cot, looks up at the General.

OLIVER

A little harsh, isn't it -- to condemn a man to death because some other men happened to lag behind?

GENERAL

They were his troops.

OLIVER

And I've been wondering why they call you The Watchdog.

GENERAL

It's my way -- the only way I know.

OLIVER

(getting up)

Well, heaven knows I'm only the sort of beagle the Boston Star sends out to track down a bit of news here and there. I don't think I'd be very comfortable being a watchdog.

GENERAL

Do you think I wanted to send Colonel Tolbitis out to be shot? He and I were friends.

Oliver has taken up a position near the tent flap. He is leaning against the center pole, looking at the General.

OLIVER

I think I understand patriotism as well as the next man -- but I'm not sure I understand your brand, General. I think you'd kill your child or wife for your country's sake, if you had a wife.

GENERAL

I had a wife.

OLIVER

(embarrassed)

I'm sorry -- it was only a figure of speech.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL

It is all right. She is long dead.

OLIVER

(still  
embarrassed)

I'm extremely sorry, sir. I was only --

The General nods, puts up his hand to still Oliver's further protests. He is still musing. He looks up at Oliver.

GENERAL

You think I am a cold man -- cold and brutal. If you had asked her she would never have said so.

(he pauses)

She was buried near here. You saw that island off the shore?

Oliver nods.

GENERAL (cont'd)

That is a cemetery -- her burial place.

OLIVER

(still trying to  
squirm out of  
his faux pas)

I'd like to see the place. I'll go there tomorrow. I'll put some flowers on your wife's grave.

GENERAL

(looking at him  
with amusement)

I will give you that chance. I had planned to go there tonight -- and I will take you with me.

OLIVER

Across the battlefield?

(indicating  
with his thumb)

Out there?

GENERAL

Dangerous for an old man, you mean? You forget I am also an old soldier.

The General puts on his cap. Oliver finds his own hat and puts it on.

(CONTINUED)

4 (CONTINUED)

GENERAL (cont'd)

(pointing)

You take the lantern.

Oliver picks up a kerosene lantern. Together, the two men leave the tent.

EXT. THE TENT - NIGHT

5 The two men emerge from the tent and stand for a moment. Behind them the illuminated tent glows softly. There is a sound of groaning from the darkness; muffled shouts and shrieks of pain.

6 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Oliver and the General. Oliver holds up the lantern and tries to peer into the darkness. The General starts off and Oliver falls into step behind him. They pass a sentry who salutes. Only the lighted lantern can be seen as they go on into the darkness.

EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

7 The CAMERA IS SET UP TO SHOOT PAST the heaped-up dead. The only illumination is the lantern which Oliver carries. He and the General pick their way between the dead.

8 ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE BATTLEFIELD. There is a groaning, creaking sound of wood torturing wood. The General and Oliver stop and look off. A group of about five soldiers, some in the hooded overcoats worn by the Balkan allies, come into the scene. They are straining at a long rope and the rope in turn draws into the scene an ox cart loaded with the dead. They pass slowly. Oliver turns to the General.

OLIVER

Your men are exhausted. Why don't they use horses?

GENERAL

Horses cannot understand why they have to work beyond endurance for their country -- the men understand --

OLIVER

But these soldiers have been fighting all day.

GENERAL

The dead must be buried.

By this time the cart has gone past. Behind the cart are three bodies, half naked, tied to the cart and dragging stiffly along the ground.

9

ANOTHER ANGLE. The cart pulls away and reveals on the other side of the rutted roadway a trim, dandified officer in the uniform of a Surgeon Major of the Greek Army. He stands erect looking off at the death cart. His face is partially hidden by a gauze mask across the mouth and nose.

GENERAL

(pointing to him)

You want to know why? He will tell you why.

(calling)

Drossos!

Dr. Drossos looks over and comes to a smart salute.

GENERAL (cont'd)

Dr. Drossos, our American friend wants to know why we have to use men as draft animals -- Tell him why we have to clear the field.

DR. DROSSOS

In the Sixth Division they have two cases of septicaemic plague. Thirty-five miles away, the Athens Brigade reports every other man sick with typhus. If it is not stopped, our victories will mean nothing.

GENERAL

(to Oliver)

The horseman on the pale horse is Pestilence. He follows the wars.

The General salutes Dr. Drossos, turns and starts off toward the left. Oliver looks at the masked figure of the doctor, then turns and follows the General. As he does so, another cart comes by and Dr. Drossos calls to the men.

DR. DROSSOS

Burn the carts afterwards -- all of them!

10

STILL ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE BATTLEFIELD. The General pauses as if to search out his way and then starts off determinedly toward the left. Oliver takes two long strides to catch up with him.

EXT. THE MAINLAND BEACH - NIGHT

11

The two men come over a rise of ground and stop at the edge of the beach.

hs



12 STOCK SHOT - the moon emerging from behind clouds.

13 EFFECT SHOT. In the f.g. stand the two men. Behind them lies the sea and "The Isle of the Dead." As they watch, behind them the moon emerges from the thick clouds and a great silver light floods over the sea. A little way from the beach, The Isle of the Dead stands out from the glassy-calm, moonlit water. In the f.g. is a broken Ionic column. There are a few flat stones at the water's edge, the remnants of a quay which once reached out into the sea. Tied to tall stakes are two small rowboats and a third lies half buried in the sand.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

14 MED. SHOT. The General steps into one of the boats. Oliver casts off the painter and puts the lantern down on the sand.

OLIVER

I'll leave this here to guide  
us back.

He jumps into the boat, picks up an oar, pushes off and starts to scull.

WIPE DISSOLVE

EXT. THE ISLE OF THE DEAD - NIGHT

15 The CAMERA IS SET UP in such a way that it can PAN ACROSS the path under the cypress trees to FOCUS ON the stairway and finally TO COME TO REST ON the figure of Cerberus which stands on the sea wall.

16 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the boat, as it nudges the shelving beach of the island. The men climb out. Oliver pulls the boat out further onto the sand and looks back toward the mainland.

EXT. THE MAINLAND BEACH - NIGHT

17 LONG SHOT. The lantern is glowing at the water's edge Suddenly it flickers and dies out.

EXT. THE ISLE OF THE DEAD - NIGHT

18 CLOSE SHOT - Oliver, having seen the lantern fail, shivers.

19

MED. TWO SHOT - Oliver and the General. On the edge of the wall nearest them is a marble figure of Cerberus, the three-headed dog which guards the dead. Two of the heads have been carved to represent sleeping heads; the third head glares toward the mainland with a sightless, unseeing, but ever-watchful stare. Oliver takes the General's arm and draws his attention to the statue.

OLIVER

Here's another watchdog for you, General.

The General nods and smiles with grim humor.

GENERAL

He only guards the dead. I have to worry about the living.

The two men walk forward into the towering shadows of the cypress trees, turning toward the left. They are lost to view in the shadows. The CAMERA HOLDS ON Cerberus.

EXT. THE LEDGE BEFORE THE CRYPTS - NIGHT

20

MED. FULL SHOT. The General and Oliver come walking onto the ledge before the crypts. They pause a moment while the General looks about as if to get his bearings, then he moves resolutely toward the crypt nearest him. Oliver goes with him as far as the doorway.

21

MED. FULL SHOT - the doorway of the crypt. At the doorway Oliver stops.

OLIVER

(almost whispering)  
I'll wait here for you.

The General nods, removes his hat and goes into the crypt. He is lost in the darkness. Oliver tries to peer in after him. The opaque blackness prevents him seeing anything. He relaxes, pulls a square cardboard box of cigarettes from his coat pocket, selects one, puts it in his mouth and is fumbling for a match when suddenly the General reappears. Oliver looks at him in astonishment.

GENERAL

The coffin has been broken open --  
it is empty --

OLIVER

Maybe you've got the wrong crypt --  
after all, it's a long time since  
you were last here.

The General shakes his head.

GENERAL

I'm sure this was the place.

He stands for a moment.

GENERAL (cont'd)

Well -- let us go back.

Both men turn and start out of scene.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

22

The General and Oliver come down onto the beach. Oliver is just about to push the boat back into the water in preparation for departure when suddenly both men are arrested by the sound of a woman's singing. Both men turn in the direction of the singing which seems to come from the other side of the island, then they look at each other.

GENERAL

Why should anyone be here -- and singing?

OLIVER

(shrugging)

It's a nice moonlit night -- someone might have crossed over.

GENERAL

To a cemetery?

OLIVER

Well, it may be an ill omen to sing in a cemetery, but there's no law against it.

GENERAL

There is a law against despoiling graves. Perhaps this singer can tell us who broke that law.

With a curt gesture he beckons Oliver to follow him and strides off.

EXT. THE STAIRWAY AND TUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

23

MED. SHOT - to the right, a stairway cut into the rock winds upward from the sandy floor of the beach. The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY UP the rock to the head of the stairway, a narrow shelf or landing above the sea. A square opening is cut into the cliff-face, black and impenetrable from this angle. As the CAMERA RESTS ON the tunnel opening, the minor melody of the singing rises to an impassioned lament, wild and melancholy.

bt

- 24 REVERSE ANGLE. From the shelf, the CAMERA SHOOTS DOWN DOWN onto the stairway. The two men are starting up the steps, the General in the lead. They move upward slowly, hesitantly. The singing continues, clear and alluring.
- 25 MED. SHOT. Oliver and the General come up onto the shelf of rock. Before them is the tunnel opening, an ominous door of darkness in the moonlit stone.
- 26 CLOSE SHOT. The General stares off. The CAMERA DRAWS BACK to include Oliver, who stands a little to one side, watching the General. The General moves forward and Oliver accompanies him. The CAMERA TRUCKS WITH them, until they are framed in the opening of the tunnel. They stand there for a second, then move forward again. Their figures grow dimmer as the CAMERA TRUCKS WITH them into the blackness of the tunnel. The singing continues. Over it sound the slow, hesitant footsteps of the two men.
- 27 REVERSE SHOT. Beyond them, the darkness of the tunnel is broken by a light that moves wraithlike across one of the stone walls. Moonlight is pouring down from a long slit in the rock, where the wall curves up into the tunnel ceiling.
- 28 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Oliver and the General step into the little jagged patch of moonlight and look up at the aperture above them. The two men turn away and continue into the darkness of the tunnel. The singing continues.

EXT. THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL - NIGHT

- 29 The two men emerge from the tunnel. To the right are high limestone cliffs, before them darkness. To the left is part of a house wall, with a door -- a dark and forbidding door of oak and iron. Now the woman's singing is loud and near. The General stares at the house, looks at the surrounding darkness and then back to the house again.

Oliver and the General cross to the house. At the door the General listens a moment, then lifts his hand and thunders on the panels with his knuckles. The sound of the singing breaks off instantly and they stand waiting in the moonlit silence. Suddenly the door opens before them and lamplight makes a frame about them. A man's voice, cheery and welcoming, comes from the doorway.

ALBRECHT'S VOICE

Come in, come in!

They step through the doorway and the door closes behind them.

## INT. ALBRECHT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

30

It is a lovely room of simple, austere proportion, warm with lamplight, comfortable with chairs and sofas and heated by a brazier full of coals. Various antiquities, heads, bits of sculpture, vases and cylixes decorate the room. To the right of the doorway is a long table on which various shards and artifacts have been arranged for examination and sorting. On this table are also books and measuring instruments.

At the other end of the room, in the background, three people are seated at a dinner table, two men and a woman. One of the men is a ruddy-faced Englishman, of middle age, formally dressed and with a stiff, official air. This is Mr. Thomas St. Aubyn, British Consul at Adrianople. The woman is his wife, Mary St. Aubyn. She is in her early thirties and still possessed of a haggard beauty. There is a curious, restrained stillness about this woman and when she moves it is with a certain careful deliberation. She is dressed primly in dark clothing.

The second man is seated apart from Mr. and Mrs. St. Aubyn and a tankard of wine before him, with an empty wine bottle at its side, testifies that he is drinking his dinner. He is Henry Robbins, a Cockney, bearing certain unmistakable evidences of his profession, that of a commercial traveller.

The man who greeted the General and Oliver and who now gives them welcome is Hugo Albrecht, a Swiss of middle-age, a scholarly, gentle man with a humorous smile. Near him stands the woman who has closed the door behind the General and Oliver, an old Greek peasant type, bent and gnarled, with bright, shrewd eyes in a seamed face.

ALBRECHT

(in astonishment)

General Pherides! I am honored, sir. Please, please come in.

GENERAL

One moment. Where are the bodies?

Albrecht looks at the General, confused by the strange, abrupt question.

GENERAL

I came here to visit my wife's last resting place. I found the coffins broken, empty -- all of them.

(CONTINUED)

ALBRECHT

I'm extremely sorry, General.  
It happened a long time ago.  
The peasants were looking for  
things to sell. They broke  
into the coffins --

(shrugs)

and then they destroyed the  
bodies. They were ignorant  
people, sir.

GENERAL

Has anyone been punished for  
this crime?

ALBRECHT

(haltingly)

Not directly. In a way, I  
have been punished.

The General regards Albrecht with surprise. Albrecht  
steps over to his work-table.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)

You see, I am an archaeologist  
and this island was the great  
find of my life. Such treasures --  
antiquities dating back to Homer.

Albrecht picks up a figurine from the table and holds  
it in his hands as he continues speaking.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)

(smiling  
ruefully)

But I have paid for them with  
my uneasy conscience. I, and  
the men of my calling, have  
turned good, simple people into  
grave robbers.

GENERAL

(sternly)

The guilt is theirs and must  
be reported to the authorities.  
If you haven't done so, I will.

The General turns as if to leave the house.

ALBRECHT

(quickly)

All that is in the past.  
Fifteen years ago, I saw the  
wrong and gave up selling  
these things. It is enough  
for me now to live with them.

Albrecht turns to the old woman, who has been standing  
by, listening intently.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)

I bought this house from Madame Kyra. She consented to stay with me. Thanks to her, the house remains Greek.  
(smiles)

I might have turned it into a bit of Switzerland, where I come from. But, now, won't you please meet my other guests? It will be a great pleasure for them --

Oliver, pleased with the idea of a little relaxation, steps forward.

OLIVER

I'm Oliver Davis, correspondent for the Boston Star.

Oliver takes Albrecht by the arm and, with a look back at the General to follow, starts into the room. As the General moves to go with them, Kyra touches his arm, holding him back.

31 MED. SHOT ON the dinner table. As Albrecht and Oliver come into the scene, Albrecht is saying:

ALBRECHT

My guests are travellers, refugees from your battle. They crossed over to the island to escape the shelling.  
(to the others)  
This is Mr. Oliver Davis.

They arrive at the table.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)

(introducing)

Mr. and Mrs. St. Aubyn.

They all acknowledge the introduction.

OLIVER

We didn't expect to find anyone here. This is a pleasant surprise.

MR. ST. AUBYN

You must have had a hard day, Mr. Davis.

OLIVER

We had some tight moments, sir.

ALBRECHT

My guests will be eager to hear about it.

(CONTINUED)

31 (CONTINUED)

MR. ST. AUBYN

All afternoon we wondered what  
was happening on the mainland.  
Please tell us --

Albrecht turns to include the General in his  
introduction and sees that the General is still  
standing with Kyra near the door.

32 CLOSE SHOT. The General and Kyra.

KYRA

Master Soldier, I know what  
happened to the dead -- I can  
tell you.

GENERAL

(almost kindly)

What happened, Old Mother?

KYRA

We had to destroy the bodies --  
in the fires we burned them all --  
there was one among them -- an  
evil one -- wicked --

GENERAL

(laughing)

Go away with your nonsense,  
old woman. These are new times  
for Greece. We do not believe  
the old foolish tales any more.

KYRA

You do not believe?

She slyly makes a gesture with her head toward Mrs.  
St. Aubyn.

KYRA (cont'd)

Look there. There is one who  
is pale and weak and upstairs  
there is one who is rosy and  
red and full of blood --

The General pats her on the back with derisive fondness.

GENERAL

Get on with you and find younger  
ears to listen to such foolishness.

The General moves toward the table and Kyra follows him.



MED. SHOT ON the dinner table. Oliver is already seated, as the General and Kyra come up to the table. Kyra sits down.

ALBRECHT

General Pherides -- this is Mr. St. Aubyn, British Consul from Adrianople.

St. Aubyn rises and bows formally. The General returns his bow.

ST. AUBYN

My congratulations, General. A fine fight, sir, but a bit inconvenient for travel.

GENERAL

The enemy is in retreat. There will be no more fighting here.

ALBRECHT

(with an  
indicating  
gesture)

Mrs. St. Aubyn.

Mrs. St. Aubyn smiles in greeting. The men sit down.

At this point, Henry Robbins rises unsteadily from the table and lurches toward the General. He flashes a card from his pocket.

HENRY ROBBINS

Robbins -- Henry Robbins.  
Tinware, best grade and the  
lowest prices --  
(as if quoting  
a slogan)  
Robbins is no robber.

The General looks up at him, astonished by this strange commercial personality.

OLIVER

(amiably,  
to Robbins)  
Aren't you a little out of  
your territory?

ROBBINS

That I am. I'd give every  
bloomin' statue in Greece for  
one whiff of fish 'n' chips --  
for one peek at Whitechapel --

ALBRECHT

Each to his own taste.

Robbins steadies himself on the table.

(CONTINUED)

ROBBINS

I'm going back on the first boat  
to England. I'm for the sound of  
Bow Bells, I am.

He starts toward the stairs and staggers; complaining  
as he walks out of scene:

ROBBINS (cont'd)

I'm not well. I'm not well.  
Something's wrong with me.  
Something hurts.

ST. AUBYN

(to Oliver,  
scornfully)

An odd way to explain plain  
drunkenness.

Robbins pays no attention to him, but goes on up the  
stairs, the rest watching. The stairs are lit in  
such a way that the upper portion is in complete  
darkness, shadowed by the landing above. As Robbins  
disappears into this darkness, there is a sound of a  
heavy fall, a muttered curse. They all turn to face  
the staircase and, after a second's shocked pause,  
they get to their feet. Albrecht picks up a lychnos  
and crosses quickly to the stairs, followed by  
St. Aubyn. As he holds the lamp aloft, the General  
comes to stand beside him.

34

MED. SHOT - PAST Albrecht, St. Aubyn and the General  
at the foot of the stairs, to the upper portion of the  
stairs, now lit by Albrecht's lamp. Robbins lies  
sprawled across the top step. Bending over him is a  
girl in Greek native costume, the gold coins of her  
headdress trembling at her ears, as if she had been  
arrested in startled movement. The girl, Thea, slowly  
lifts her head to face the people below her.

THEA

(simply)

He fell.

Robbins picks himself up.

ROBBINS

'Orrible place. It'll be the  
end of me --

Robbins continues on up the stairs and out of scene.  
Thea walks down the last few remaining steps and starts  
into the room, passing the men.

MED. SHOT ON the room. Mrs. St. Aubyn has seated herself and Thea is standing beside her. Oliver walks into the scene.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

Thea, this is Mr. Davis.

Thea and Oliver smile.

OLIVER

Were you singing when we arrived?

Thea nods.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

Thea has a lovely voice.

She looks up affectionately at the girl. Thea, smiling at her mistress, sees that a cameo brooch at her throat is hanging loose. She leans down and fastens it. As she does so, Kyra comes into the scene, eyeing the girl sharply.

Behind her, Albrecht, St. Aubyn and the General come in and cross to the group.

ALBRECHT

(smiling)

I'm quite sure Mr. Robbins will be all right in the morning.

He looks around and sees that Thea is standing near a table which holds the amphora of wine. He calls out to her.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)

Thea, would you give our friends wine?

With a smile, Thea picks up the amphora.

THEA

(to Oliver)

Will you have wine, sir?

Oliver smiles.

OLIVER

Please.

She pours a glass of wine for him and then starts over toward the others.

ALBRECHT

(indicating the General)

And now General Pherides --

(CONTINUED)

35 (CONTINUED)

Thea stops and looks at the General. The pleasant smile leaves her face. Abruptly, she passes the amphora to Kyra. Everyone looks at her in astonishment. Kyra, with a shrug, takes the amphora and the glass, fills the latter and crosses to the General with it. Thea walks back to where Mrs. St. Aubyn is seated and sits beside her.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

Why Thea!

OLIVER

(trying to  
pass it off)  
What's the matter? Don't you  
like the General?

THEA

He has a bad name. He is a  
cruel man.

At this point, Albrecht, who has been talking with the General and St. Aubyn, calls over to Oliver.

ALBRECHT

Mr. Davis --

Oliver gets up, nods in apology to the two women and starts across the room.

36 MED. SHOT - St. Aubyn, the General and Albrecht.

ST. AUBYN

(to the General)

I hope, sir, that you won't feel  
offended with Thea. I'm afraid  
we spoil her. Mrs. St. Aubyn  
is so fond of her.

The General shrugs without answering. At this moment Oliver comes up to them.

ALBRECHT

(to Oliver)

I've been asking the General  
to spend the night. He'll  
have none of it.

OLIVER

What? Pass up an opportunity  
to sleep in a soft bed -- maybe  
have a hot bath. General,  
you're out of your mind.

(CONTINUED)

The General shakes his head.

OLIVER (cont'd)  
If you won't think of yourself,  
think of me. I haven't slept  
in a bed for two months and the  
last bath I had was a bucket of  
cold water I stole from your  
horse.

ST. AUBYN  
General, I feel for this young  
man.

GENERAL  
He can stay. I have to get back  
to the troops.

OLIVER  
(shrewdly)  
That battery near the beach --  
you planned to inspect it in the  
morning. It would be on your  
way back. You could save time.

The General nods.

GENERAL  
I could do that before the  
troops break camp.

ALBRECHT  
Fine. I'm honored to have you,  
and we'll try to make you  
comfortable.

GENERAL  
But we will have to be off the  
first thing in the morning.

ALBRECHT  
I'll see about your room.

Mrs. St. Aubyn supported by Thea passes and starts for  
stairway. At the foot of the stairs they pause and  
Mrs. St. Aubyn calls back.

MRS. ST. AUBYN  
Goodnight.

The General nods to her. Thea keeps her face sternly  
averted as she picks up a lychnos. The General looks  
at her slightly puzzled at her dislike of him. Mr.  
St. Aubyn joins the two women and the three go upstairs.

KYRA

(to the General)

Our house welcomes you, Master  
Soldier.

(significantly)

You stay to guard us.

The General smiles indulgently, as the old woman picks up the wine glass and starts toward the rear door.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

- 37 The English couple and the young girl come up the stairs and pause at the head of the stairway. Mr. St. Aubyn bends over and kisses his wife on the cheek.

MR. ST. AUBYN

Goodnight, my dear. Sleep well.

He pats Thea on the arm affectionately.

MR. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)

Take good care of her.

The two women go down the hall and St. Aubyn goes into a door near the head of the stairs. They proceed to the very end of the hall.

INT. THEA AND KYRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 38 With Thea holding aloft the lychnos, she and Mrs. St. Aubyn pass through this dark room and on into the adjoining room.

INT. MRS. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 39 Thea is lighting an oil lamp to supplement the flickering light of the lychnos. It illuminates the neat, sparsely furnished room. Thea turns to her mistress and begins to remove her shawl.

THEA

Come, I will get you to bed before that old woman comes up here. She is always prying, peering, trying to find out something.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

She is just an old woman -- odd perhaps -- but harmless.

THEA

You don't understand -- Our mountain people have strange thoughts. It is not good when they stare at you so.

## INT. THE GENERAL AND OLIVER'S ROOM - NIGHT

40

This is a room just off the main room on the lower floor. The CAMERA IS SET UP SHOOTING INTO the room past Albrecht who stands in the doorway. Neither Oliver nor the General can be seen, but the SOUND of splashing water can be heard.

OLIVER'S VOICE

Mr. Albrecht, for this I will never be able to thank you enough.

Albrecht smiles and calls "goodnight" and starts to close the door behind him.

41

ANOTHER ANGLE of the room - SHOOTING TOWARD the door as Albrecht closes it behind him. It is a neat comfortable room with two high-piled beds protected by mosquito canopies. Between the beds a tin bath tub has been set up and Oliver has cramped his long legs into it and is enjoying the luxury of a steaming bath, sponging the water over his shoulders with Sybaritic pleasure. The General, his tunic unbuttoned, is inspecting the bed.

OLIVER

This is wonderful!

The General grunts and looks suspiciously at the bed. Oliver looks over at him.

OLIVER (cont'd)

What's the matter?

Without another word he pulls the mattress onto the floor. He feels the remaining mattress which seems to suit him and begins to bundle the bed clothes back onto the bed.

OLIVER (cont'd)

(shaking his head)

Only General Phorides, the old watchdog of his country would turn a bedroom into a barracks. What's the matter, have you forgotten how to sleep on a mattress?

GENERAL

I have learned to live without comfort. I can stand a hard bed or a hard thought without worrying too much.

(CONTINUED)

41 (CONTINUED)

OLIVER

(looking  
at him)

The girl -- huh? The one who  
wouldn't serve you the wine --  
that got under your skin, didn't  
it?

The General shrugs.

OLIVER (cont'd)

She would just as soon not have  
a watchdog around.

GENERAL

I do not know what she thinks.  
I do not care.

He sits down on the edge of the bed and begins to  
pull off his boots. Oliver continues his sponging  
and begins to whistle.

DISSOLVE

INT. THEA AND KYRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 42 CLOSEUP of Thea. She is sleeping peacefully. Her face is calm and lovely in the barred moonlight which comes through the jalousied windows. From nearby comes a little low moaning SOUND, almost like the whimpering of a sick child.
- 43 CLOSE SHOT - Kyra. She too is in bed with a nightcap over her grey hair. She is wide awake, watching and listening; her eyes on Thea.
- 44 FULL SHOT - the entire room. Kyra watching Thea.
- 45 CLOSE SHOT - Kyra. Her eyes widen suddenly as she reacts to something off scene.
- 46 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Thea. She swakens, lifts her head and listens anxiously, then swiftly she throws back the covers, gets out of bed and puts on a loose, white woolen negligee which hangs on a chair beside her.
- 47 FULL SHOT - from Kyra's ANGLE. Thea, white and ghostly in the moonlight, glides across the room and into Mrs. St. Aubyn's bedroom.
- 48 CLOSE SHOT - Kyra listening.



## INT. MRS. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 49      Thea is bending over Mrs. St. Aubyn. She strokes the sick woman's forehead.

THEA

It is not so bad -- not so bad tonight. You will be all right.

## INT. THEA AND KYRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 50      CLOSE SHOT - Kyra as she listens to the sounds in the other room. Suddenly she makes up her mind about something, gets out of bed, pulls a wrapper about her nightgown and starts out of the room.

## INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

- 51      Kyra comes out of her room, goes shuffling quickly down the hall and starts down the stairs. For a moment the CAMERA REMAINS ON the empty hall.

## INT. MRS. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 52      Mrs. St. Aubyn stirs her head restlessly on the pillow. Thea tries to comfort her.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

Perhaps you'd better get my medicine.

Thea crosses the room and starts to rummage through a small black case on the bureau. She turns to Mrs. St. Aubyn.

THEA

The bottle isn't here. It's probably in Mr. St. Aubyn's bag. I'll get it for you.

She starts for the door.

## INT. THEA AND KYRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 53      Thea enters from Mrs. St. Aubyn's room and starts to cross. At her own bed she pauses and from the night table picks up a small lychnos, strikes a light, lights the wick and bearing this lamp in her hand crosses to the door.

## INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

54

Thea comes out of her room. The CAMERA is SET UP BEHIND her so that it sees what she sees before her. In the corridor there are three points of illumination; one from the skylight; two from windows. These three sources of light cut the blackness of the corridor into almost equal sections; oblongs of blackness alternating with rectangles of grey moonlight. Around Thea there is a nimbus of weak and wavering light, the illumination from her little lamp. The whole corridor is very still, very oppressive. Thea draws in her breath almost as if taking courage, and moves toward the first patch of blackness. At its edge she hesitates and steps forward with a little rush of movement. For a moment she is lost to view, then emerges in the first patch of moonlight. She moves slowly across this. Then, again at the very edge of the second section of darkness, she pauses. There is a little sound in the darkness; some scuffling of papers or blown curtain. She stops stock still, begins to lift her lamp. The lamp flame flickers, and then a sudden soft draft makes the flame lean far from the wick, pulsate and puff out. The loss of the light leaves Thea cleft between darkness and moonlight. Again she takes a sharp intake of breath, again moves on and is lost to view only to emerge again in the second section of light. She moves normally across this patch toward the darkness of a door set into a deep embrasure.

55

CLOSE SHOT - Thea as she knocks softly at the door, waits and then knocks again.

## INT. MR. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

56

Mr. St. Aubyn, dressed in a nightshirt, half-rises in bed.

ST. AUBYN

Who is there?

The door opens and Thea steps in hesitantly.

THEA

Thea. I came for Mrs. St. Aubyn's medicine.

ST. AUBYN

It is in my bag over there.  
If you'll bring it to me I'll  
mix it for you.

## INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

57

The General, fully dressed, follows Kyra up the stairs. They tiptoe down the corridor to the doorway of Thea's room. Here the General pauses at the threshold while Kyra makes a motion to him for silence and goes on into the room. Suddenly, the General's attention is attracted by a soft foot-fall. He turns sharply to see who it is.

- 58 LONG SHOT. The CAMERA IS SET UP BEHIND the General to take in the length of the corridor. Down the corridor, carrying a tall glass in both hands, comes Thea, walking carefully, her eyes fastened on the full goblet. Her entire attention is concentrated on not spilling the medicine. She holds it chalice-like, one hand at the bottom and one at the top of the glass.
- 59 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the General. Moving softly, he shifts himself back into the shadows.
- 60 MED. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - Thea coming down the hallway, carrying the glass, quite unconscious of the General standing in the shadows at the end of the corridor.
- 61 ANOTHER ANGLE - Thea coming closer to the General, still unaware of his presence. He steps forward to block her way. The movement attracts her attention.
- 62 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Thea. Her face wears a startled expression.
- 63 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the General and Thea. She shrinks back from him almost imperceptibly, but her fear is evident.

GENERAL

(smiling)

You are frightened?

Thea shakes her head.

GENERAL (cont'd)

You were very bold downstairs when you refused to pour wine for me. Alone here with the old watchdog you are not so brave, eh?

THEA

I am not afraid of you.

GENERAL

(smiling)

The old one in there -- she is frightened of you -- she made me come up here -- said you were planning evil things -- moving about, restless.

THEA

I went to get medicine for my mistress.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL

(pointing to  
the glass in her  
hand)

So I see.

He stands aside as if to let her pass. She starts forward. Then, suddenly, he takes her arm firmly and turns her so that she faces him.

GENERAL

Wait. Tell me -- about the wine -- why did you refuse to serve me?

THEA

Why do you kill your own countrymen?

GENERAL

When have I done that?

THEA

In my district. They still speak of how you collected taxes in the little villages -- with field artillery.

GENERAL

They were in rebellion against the taxes.

THEA

But they were Greeks.

GENERAL

Who is against the law of Greece is not a Greek.

He turns away from her, as if this were the last possible word on the subject, and starts down the hall. Thea looks after him for a moment and then turns and goes into her room, closing the door firmly behind her.

64 LONG SHOT - the corridor. The General passes on his way toward the stairs. From behind one door, the door of Henry Robbins' room, comes a hacking, rasping groan. The General looks at the door, shrugs and proceeds on his way.

65 CLOSE SHOT - the door behind which is heard Robbins' groan.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. THE GENERAL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

66 The General is seated on his bed pulling on his boots. Oliver, already dressed, is hanging his musette bag over his shoulder.

GENERAL

When I went up there she was not quite so impudent. She was frightened.

OLIVER

Did she tell you why she wouldn't pour the wine for you?

GENERAL

Some silly grudge against me for having collected the taxes in her district. That was before the war.

OLIVER

(amused)

About time you got back to the army, General -- where there's no back-talk.

GENERAL

I will be glad to get back.

The General has got his boots on, has stood up and is putting on his tunic.

OLIVER

Well, cheer up, you'll never see her again.

The General straightens his tunic, and still buttoning it he starts for the door. Oliver takes a last look around the room to see that they have left nothing, and goes with him.

INT. MAIN ROOM - MORNING

67 Just as Oliver and the General come out of their room, Albrecht comes down the stairs. There is a feeling of repressed excitement about him.

ALBRECHT

General Pherides --

The General turns to him.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)

I would like your advice on something -- a grave matter --

OLIVER

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

ALBRECHT  
Mr. Robbins -- we thought him  
drunk.

OLIVER  
Well?

ALBRECHT  
I'd like the General to see him.

The General shrugs, and Albrecht turns and starts up the stairs. The CAMERA HOLDS UNTIL Oliver has joined Albrecht and the General in their climb up the stairway.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - MORNING

68 The three men, Albrecht, Oliver, and the General, come to the second floor and start down to the last door. The CAMERA TRUCKS BEFORE them.

ALBRECHT  
He was going back to hear the  
sound of Bow bells. I'm afraid  
he'll never hear them again.

They stop in front of the door to Robbins' room. Albrecht opens it.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)  
He's dead.

Through the doorway can be seen a sheeted body on the bed, the face covered. The three men stop in the doorway.

OLIVER  
He complained of not feeling  
well. He staggered.

ALBRECHT  
That staggering. His dying so  
quickly --  
(to the General)  
In your campaigns, have you never  
seen men who staggered before  
they died, who talked incoherently  
-- walked blindly?

GENERAL  
I've seen men die drunk -- and  
I've seen men die of the plague.

OLIVER  
There's no possibility of that,  
is there?

GENERAL  
I'll send for Dr. Drossos. He'll  
know.  
(to Albrecht)  
Until he comes -- no one must  
leave the island.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - AFTERNOON

69

Albrecht, the St. Aubyns, Thea and Kyra are arranged about the room in a rough semi-circle. All are seated. Dr. Drossos, very trim and elegant, stands before them. Seated on Albrecht's desk behind Dr. Drossos is the General. Oliver lounges in the doorway.

DR. DROSSOS

We are faced with a very serious form of the plague -- septicaemic plague -- the symptoms are wavering gait, convulsions, weakness, some times blindness and then death -- always death and very quickly.

As he speaks, the CAMERA has been PANNING across the semi-circle of faces. The apprehension, the terror, and the fear of the plague is shown in each face. Mr. St. Aubyn, who has been sitting close to his wife, shrinks away from her a little. Albrecht measures the distance between himself and Thea. Thea crosses herself. Kyra glares at Thea.

DR. DROSSOS (cont'd)

The illness is highly infectious. Because there is a grave danger of it spreading to the army -- crippling our efforts against the enemy -- it has been decided that we all remain here until the disease has run its course.

KYRA

Today is market-day. I have to cross over to the village.

The General stands up and moves forward a pace from the desk. Dr. Drossos moves back to give him the center of the stage.

GENERAL

No one may leave the island.  
The army must remain healthy.

Kyra sits down again. St. Aubyn rises and clears his throat.

ST. AUBYN

I'm afraid you'll have to make an exception in my case -- in my case and my wife's. I'm traveling on urgent business for my government.

GENERAL

No one may leave.

ST. AUBYN

But sir, His Majesty's Government --

GENERAL

No one may leave the island.

Mrs. St. Aubyn gets up very pale and very agitated to stand beside her husband.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

General Pherides, I respect your concern -- and your authority. But I must leave the island. There are -- personal reasons.

ST. AUBYN

(breaking in;  
to the General)

I will be glad to explain my wife's plight --

GENERAL

No one may leave the island.

ST. AUBYN

You must have observed that my wife is an invalid --

The General merely looks at him. St. Aubyn breaks off and sits down.

OLIVER

(coming forward)

What about yourself, General?  
Your army?

GENERAL

Better no general than one carrying the plague.

The General takes a step forward.

GENERAL (cont'd)

The doctor will tell you what you must do and I will see to it that it is done. We will fight the plague.

He looks around at them all. Oliver looks over at Thea. He grins.

OLIVER

Well, if I have to be quarantined --  
I couldn't pick prettier company --

Thea looks over at him, smiling. As he looks at her, suddenly the full seriousness of the situation comes to him. His face grows grave. He is embarrassed at the lightness of his remark.

(CONTINUED)



69 (CONTINUED)

OLIVER (cont'd)

(seriously)

I'm sorry. Actually -- I wish  
you weren't here at all -- that  
you were safe away. That's what  
I really mean -- that's what I  
should have said.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

70

The room is empty and only one lamp is lit in a far corner of the room so that the light is very dim. The CAMERA IS SET UP ON A DOLLY TRACK FOCUSED ON the door near the stairs. This door is open and the little room to which it opens is brightly lit. In this room Kyra can be seen pouring water from an ewer into a wash basin set up on a small table. A pair of hands are being washed in this basin and in another basin another pair of hands, but the persons attached to these hands cannot be seen. The CAMERA STARTS TO TRUCK FORWARD THROUGH the doorway.

KYRA

Wash all you want to -- you  
cannot wash away evil -- there  
is one among us who brings  
punishment on us all.

By this time the CAMERA HAS COME CLOSE ENOUGH to reveal the doctor and Albrecht on either side of the little table. It is they who are washing.

INT. ROOM UNDER THE STAIRS - AFTERNOON

71

Now that the CAMERA ANGLE has changed, it can be seen that the General stands behind the doctor, leaning back against the sloping wall of the little room.

DR. DROSSOS

(to Kyra)

If you'd forget about the evil  
spirits just long enough to pass  
us the towels, I'd be greatly  
obliged to you.

Kyra shrugs, sets down the ewer, places the towels on the table and goes out to the left.

DR. DROSSOS (cont'd)

(to Albrecht)

What nonsense the old woman talks.

ALBRECHT

It sounds no stranger to me than  
some of the things you've been  
saying: good winds and bad winds --

DR. DROSSOS

I've explained that to you. The  
disease is transmitted by fleas.  
Their bodies have an eighty  
percent moisture content. The  
hot wind from the south literally  
burns them away. If the sirocco  
blows -- all danger will be over  
in twenty-four hours.

ALBRECHT

Kyra sounds just as logical to me. That's an old belief -- that the gods send plague to punish men for harboring the vorvolaka.

OLIVER

A vorvolaka? What's that?

DR. DROSSOS

Oh, just some old peasant superstition. An elemental -- a wolf-spirit -- some such thing in human form. They say it drains people of their strength and vitality until they die.

ALBRECHT

Kyra will tell you that there's more to it. The vorvolaka is an evil for which the gods punish us mortals. And that he who dies from a vorvolaka becomes one himself.

DR. DROSSOS

I suppose the next thing you'll know she'll be telling us that a vorvolaka walks among us -- eh? That's all nonsense.

The doctor, having finished washing his hands, moves away from the little table. The General steps forward and slishes the water out of the basin. The doctor obligingly pours water into it for him.

GENERAL

(sternly)

The doctor is a doctor -- we will do as he says.

ALBRECHT

Certainly. But one might as well go out on the cliff and build a votive fire to Hermes --

He empties his wash basin into the slop jar.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)

Not that I believe in Hermes, either.

GENERAL

(grimly)

You had better believe in the doctor. No one else will save you.

(CONTINUED)

ALBRECHT

We'll make it a wager. Let the doctor use his science -- I'll pray to Hermes. And we'll see who dies and who is spared.

DR. DROSSOS

You can't mean that seriously.

GENERAL

I'll take your wager.

He slaps his hand against the hand of Albrecht in the Greek-peasant way of striking a bargain.

ALBRECHT

(pointing to the  
General's hand)

You've broken the doctor's first order -- no contact --

The General looks down at his hand.

GENERAL

I'll forget no more of the doctor's orders -- nor shall you -- nor any of the rest.

DISSOLVE

INT. THEA'S AND KYRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

71A

The room is still lit by lantern light. Kyra, evidently just ready for bed, is banking the fire in the brazier. The door to Mrs. St. Aubyn's room is open, and through the doorway, Thea can be seen, standing and listening. Mrs. St. Aubyn, in night gown and negligee, and with her hair down, is at the brazier talking to Kyra.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

But now that I find we are to remain here --- I must insist that you stop it.

She pauses, waiting for Kyra to give her some sort of answer. Kyra merely gives her a direct, defiant look and goes on poking at the coals.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)

Your suspicions of her -- your hints -- all the vague little threats -- they all make Thea dreadfully unhappy.

Kyra puts down the poker and looks quietly at Mrs. St. Aubyn.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)

Madame Kyra, let me remind you --  
evil breeds evil -- and in the end  
it is you yourself who will suffer.  
I warn you --

KYRA

(interrupting)

We die when we must.

She turns away toward her bed, and after a moment,  
Mrs. St. Aubyn shrugs in exasperation and goes off into  
her own room.

DISSOLVE

INT. THEA'S AND KYRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

72 MED. CLOSEUP - Kyra. She is awake. Half supported on  
her elbow, she is peering off into the darkness. The  
CAMERA PANS OVER TO Thea's bed. It is empty. Beyond  
it can be seen a dim light in Mrs. St. Aubyn's room.  
The CAMERA BEGINS TO TRUCK TOWARD the doorway.

INT. MRS. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

73 The room is dimly lit by a single lychnos set up on a  
little night table near the bed. Thea stands beside  
the bed. She is looking down at Mrs. St. Aubyn.

74 CLOSE SHOT - Thea and Mrs. St. Aubyn. Mrs. St. Aubyn's  
eyes are closed and she lies very still; her breathing  
imperceptible. Thea leans down close to her. Then  
she straightens. In her hand she has a tumbler half  
filled with some medicinal-looking fluid. She sets this  
down on the night table with the air of one who has no  
immediate use for it, picks up the lychnos and starts  
out.

INT. MR. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

75 The light is lit and the room is bright. Mr. St. Aubyn,  
completely dressed except for his coat, sits on the edge  
of the bed. His hair is rumpled and his hand trembles  
as he holds up a hand mirror and looks into it. After  
a brief inspection of his own features, he tries to put  
the mirror down on the table nearby. His hand is  
unsteady and after a vain attempt to put the mirror  
down on the table, it falls from his hand, crashing on  
the floor. He looks down at it and in the look there  
is despair. His shoulders slump.

There is a knock at the door. St. Aubyn's voice is  
thick and uncertain as he calls out.

(CONTINUED)

75 (CONTINUED)

ST. AUBYN

Come in.

The door opens and Thea comes in. She is too intent, at first, on her own errand to note his condition.

THEA

Mrs. St. Aubyn -- she has her illness again -- she hardly breathes -- will you come to her?

(CONTINUED)

St. Aubyn looks at the girl, then makes an effort to rise. He gets to his feet and stands, dizzy and uncertain. Then he lets himself slip into a sitting position on the bed again.

THEA

(alarmed)  
Mr. St. Aubyn?

ST. AUBYN

Shhh!

(laboredly)  
The others -- must not rouse  
the others --

THEA

But the doctor -- let me call  
him -- it may not be --

ST. AUBYN

(shaking  
his head)  
Plague. Nothing -- there is  
nothing he can do.

He pauses weakly. Then, making an effort, he goes on.

ST. AUBYN (cont'd)

If I could see Mary -- mustn't  
see her, mustn't waken her --

THEA

I could try -- some way --

ST. AUBYN

No. No. Dangerous -- you know  
how dangerous to waken her --

Thea bows her head in acquiescence. St. Aubyn sways, succumbing rapidly to the fatal attack.

ST. AUBYN (cont'd)

(thickly)  
Help me to bed -- in the morning  
-- if I am gone -- help her --  
help her --

His voice trails off as he collapses. Thea moves to lift his legs onto the bed, then hesitates. She looks around helplessly and finally uses an edge of the sheet to shield her hands when she touches him.

hs

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

76 The General is passing along the corridor. All the doors are closed. He goes along, almost as if he were inspecting a barracks, looking at each door.

77 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the General as he passes St. Aubyn's door. It is open a tiny crack. The General stops. He looks at the door a moment, then he raps on the panel, and without waiting for a reply throws the door quickly open.

INT. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - DAY

78 The CAMERA IS SET UP SO THAT IT SHOOTS PAST the General to reveal the interior of the room. St. Aubyn, lying on the bed, is concealed from view. Thea can be seen seated on a small chair beside the bed. Although she sits erect, her shoulders have drooped forward as if she had been here a long while, and a long while motionless. As the door flies open she turns her head slowly to look at the General.

79 REVERSE SHOT. The General comes a little way into the room, but without closing the door behind him.

GENERAL

What are you doing here?

THEA

The sickness came to him last night -- he is dead.

The General takes an impulsive step toward the bed, then stops himself. He turns to Thea again.

GENERAL

Where is his wife?

THEA

(a little  
nervously)

She sleeps.

The General looks at her suspiciously.

GENERAL

(indicating  
the bed)

Does the doctor know?

Thea shakes her head.



GENERAL (cont'd)

(angrily)

Did I not give orders that the  
doctor should be told? Get  
your mistress here at once.

His authoritative tone of command brings Thea to her  
feet, but then she stops herself and shakes her head.  
The General looks at her in astonishment.

GENERAL (cont'd)

Don't you understand? The body  
must be taken away -- she has  
to be told --

THEA

(frightened  
but stubborn)

No.

GENERAL

(echoing her  
dumbfoundedly)

No? No?

Under his incredulous tone and the gathering rage in  
his eyes, Thea's resistance gives way. She starts  
moving slowly and reluctantly toward the door.

GENERAL (cont'd)

(with controlled  
fury)

Get her. Bring her to me at  
once.

He watches with narrowing eyes as she continues toward  
the door. Then, just as she starts to go out of the  
room, he takes a step toward her.

GENERAL (cont'd)

Wait --

Thea pauses, turning her head slightly.

GENERAL (cont'd)

Something's wrong here. Why  
don't you want to call  
Mrs. St. Aubyn?

Thea turns to face him but does not answer.

GENERAL (cont'd)

What are you afraid of?

THEA

(haltingly)

The shock -- when she awakens --

GENERAL  
(implacably)  
You're hiding something. I  
want to know what it is.

THEA  
(defiantly)  
It's Mrs. St. Aubyn's affair --  
and of no concern to you.

For a second they stare at each other, Thea meeting his  
demanding gaze with defiant silence. Then, in one swift  
move, she turns and is gone. The General stands looking  
after her, bafflement and unallayed suspicion in his  
eyes.

DISSOLVE

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

80 Oliver and Albrecht are carrying an enormous packing  
box. They bring it up the stairs and start down the  
hallway. They pass Kyra, who makes the sign of the  
cross as they go by. The CAMERA TRUCKS WITH them as  
they take the box down the corridor. At the door to  
St. Aubyn's room they stop and gently lower the box to  
the floor. Albrecht, who is nearest the door, looks in.  
From the room comes the sound of Mrs. St. Aubyn's voice.

MRS. ST. AUBYN'S VOICE  
No. No. I won't believe it.  
He's not dead.

INT. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - DAY

81 The General stands at the foot of the bed. Mrs. St.  
Aubyn stands at the head of the bed. Dr. Drossos is  
beside her. The netting has been raised so they can see  
the body of the dead man.

MRS. ST. AUBYN  
He's not dead.

GENERAL  
Dr. Drossos is a medical officer,  
he --

MRS. ST. AUBYN  
I don't care who he is. He  
doesn't know. He can't tell --

DR. DROSSOS  
(patiently)  
I'll make any tests you want.  
Look.

(CONTINUED)

He plucks a feather from the pillow, a little curl of fluff, and holds it before the dead man's face.

INSERT        THE FEATHER at St. Aubyn's face. It does not move.

BACK TO SCENE.

MRS. ST. AUBYN  
(stubbornly)  
He's not dead.

Dr. Drossos sighs. He turns and picks up a hand mirror from the chest of drawers behind him.

DR. DROSSOS  
If there is the faintest breath  
of life it will cloud the mirror.

He takes a handkerchief from his pocket and carefully polishes the mirror to full clarity, then he holds it before the dead man's mouth. He turns the unclouded mirror so that the rest can see it.

DR. DROSSOS  
You see?

MRS. ST. AUBYN  
The breath can stop, the heart  
can stop -- it still doesn't  
mean death. Men have lived --

Dr. Drossos nods approval.

DR. DROSSOS  
Quite right. In cataleptic  
trance, a man may live for days  
with no visible sign of life.  
The breath suspended, the heartbeat  
stilled --  
(looking down  
at St. Aubyn)  
But this man is dead.

Dr. Drossos turns away to replace the mirror on the chest of drawers. As he does so, the General steps forward and starts to pull the blanket over the dead man's face. Again, Mrs. St. Aubyn stops it.

GENERAL  
(fatalistically;  
What difference does it make?  
Covered or uncovered, the eyes  
see no more.

The General motions with his head. Dr. Drossos and he go out of the room, leaving Mrs. St. Aubyn alone with the dead.

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. St. Aubyn stands looking down at St. Aubyn, then suddenly she takes from her bodice a long embroidery needle. Still gazing intently into his face, she jabs the needle deep into the dead man's arm. There is no reaction in the marble set of the corpse's face.

Mrs. St. Aubyn pulls the blanket over the dead man's face and suddenly bursts out weeping, burying her face in her hands.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE LEDGE OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL - DAY

82 Dr. Drossos and Oliver are at work, erecting a small pennant on a rough, home-made standard. They get it up. Oliver stands back and looks up at it.

OLIVER

Looks all right.

The doctor walks to the edge of the ledge and looks back in the direction of the house.

DR. DROSSOS

It'll give us all something to do.  
Better to watch the wind -- and  
hope that it changes -- than to  
watch each other -- and have no  
hope at all.

OLIVER

The wind is our only hope -- a  
change in the wind -- is that it?

DR. DROSSOS

Oh, of course, we can take certain  
simple sanitary precautions --

He finishes with a gesture of his hands that indicates the hopelessness of their situation. Oliver looks at him, puzzled.

OLIVER

(thoughtfully)

The General pins all his hopes  
on you.

DR. DROSSOS

Yes, I know -- that frightens  
me more than the plague.

He looks thoughtfully out toward the mainland.

83 REVERSE SHOT. Mrs. St. Aubyn can be seen coming through the tunnel. She wears dark clothing and carries a parasol. Both Oliver and Dr. Drossos turn to greet her as she emerges onto the ledge.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

Good morning!

(CONTINUED)

Both men smile.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)

I wonder if I could have a word  
alone with you, Doctor. I have  
an explanation and apology to  
make to you.

DR. DROSSOS

Certainly.

He turns to accompany her, but Oliver interrupts the  
movement.

OLIVER

No. Don't go. I'm just leaving.  
(with a grin)  
This ledge is getting too populous  
-- you know the General's  
instructions about gathering in  
crowds.

Still grinning and with a pleasant nod to them he starts  
down the stairs to the left. Mrs. St. Aubyn turns to  
the doctor.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

Doctor, I'm extremely sorry for  
what happened yesterday. I'd  
like to explain.

DR. DROSSOS

Of course, Mrs. St. Aubyn.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

All my life I've had a dreadful  
fear of premature burial. I  
awaken screaming sometimes with  
nightmares -- in which I see  
myself buried alive, waking to  
find myself entombed, imprisoned --  
without air, stifling, -- and no  
escape.

DR. DROSSOS

I know -- it is not an uncommon  
fear.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

Perhaps I have more reason for  
my fear than most. Since childhood  
I've been ill. I have fainting  
spells -- trances --

DR. DROSSOS

Was it I who mentioned catalepsy  
yesterday?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ST. AUBYN

Yes. I could not tell you then.  
I've had trances lasting more than  
a day -- almost complete suspension  
of heart and respiration.

DR. DROSSOS

I should have known. I am  
terribly sorry. I would never  
have spoken as I did.

(he pauses)

But you need not fear. I will  
take every precaution -- make  
every known test -- if -- if --  
you are unlucky.

Mrs. St. Aubyn starts to put out her hand to the doctor.  
As he shakes his head chidingly, she withdraws her hand  
and smiles.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

Now that you understand -- I'm  
not afraid.

EXT. THE CYPRESS GROVE - DAY

84 LONG SHOT - HIGH CAMERA SET-UP. The sunlight drifts in  
long beams between the trees. At the end of one of  
these rays of light, Thea is seated on a marble bench.  
In her lap are myrtle branches. She is deftly weaving  
them into a wreath.

85 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Thea. Suddenly a tall shadow falls  
over her. She looks up.

86 ANOTHER ANGLE. Oliver stands before Thea. She looks  
up with a smile of greeting, then she sees the General  
standing behind Oliver and the smile leaves her face.

OLIVER

(pointing)

Christmas wreaths in August?

THEA

Myrtle. Mr. Albrecht asked me  
to make them. He wants to hang  
them in the crypts.

GENERAL

More of Albrecht's nonsense. He  
is doing it to make fun of us --  
pretending that he believes in the  
stupidities of that old woman.

(CONTINUED)

THEA

(indignantly)

These wreaths are for the dead --  
to decorate their tombs. Because  
you hustle them off without  
prayers --

OLIVER

(interrupting)

Here, here! The General is only  
trying to do his best for all of  
us.

THEA

He was not able to save Mr. St.  
Aubyn.

OLIVER

Thea, you don't seem to understand.  
One cannot just stop a thing like  
this --

GENERAL

(interrupting)

You need not defend me, Oliver.

(to Thea)

And you will do as I say.  
Everyone here will do as I say --  
whatever the doctor wants -- there  
will be no more sickness - no more  
death.

Thea looks at him for a moment, then she speaks very  
clearly and distinctly, with ironic meaning.

THEA

And I will go down to the sea  
and tell the tides to be still.

She gets up, hangs the myrtle wreaths over her arm and  
walks away from them down the path. Oliver and the  
General stand watching her.

87 MED. CLOSE SHOT - The figure of Cerberus. Thea comes  
in and without ceremony, only because it is a  
convenient place, she puts the myrtle at the feet of  
Cereberus. She stands looking out to sea.

LONG DISSOLVE

88 CLOSE SHOT - The figure of Cerberus - NIGHT.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

89

MONTAGE OF TIDES - sweeping in and out over stone and sand, and on shingle, then to deeper water, and suddenly to still opalescent water, centrifugally rippling in a white bowl. Into this water many hands that cleanse themselves, and then dip deep in darker water that turns again to waves and washing tides.

DISSOLVE

EXT. RUINS - DAY

90

A Greek brazier on a tripod stands before the portal facing the sea. A fire burns in the brazier and Albrecht stands beside it with a handful of twigs which he is about to put on the fire. Dr. Drossos stands watching him.

ALBRECHT

(turning  
to him)

I suppose you want to hear  
my prayer to Hermes?

DR. DROSSOS

I just came to see if your  
prayer would entertain me  
as much as my medicine seems  
to amuse you.

Albrecht scatters the twigs on the fire. It burns up with a bright flame, then a thin column of black smoke ascends. He lifts his hands upward in the Grecian attitude of prayer.

ALBRECHT

God of Physicians, God of  
Healing, protect us. Watch  
over us, Thou Swift-footed  
One, Son of Zeus.

Dr. Drossos steps forward, bends to pick up some twigs which are beside the brazier, and puts them on the fire.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)

What? Did my prayer move you  
to join with me in worship?

DR. DROSSOS

It was my way of saying, amen --  
and my surrender.

ALBRECHT

(with surprise)

To the Gods?

DR. DROSSOS

To the Gods. They are more  
powerful than my science.

(CONTINUED)



ALBRECHT  
(concerned)  
You feel the symptoms?

The doctor nods.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)  
My friend -- what can one say --

DR. DROSSOS  
What is there to say? I'll meet  
my old familiar enemy, death --  
I have fought him before. I've  
won often. Now he wins. Let  
him come for me.

DISSOLVE

INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

91 MED. SHOT on the door of Mrs. St. Aubyn's room, dimly  
discernible in the unlit corridor. The door opens and  
Mrs. St. Aubyn steps into the corridor, illuminated by  
the light from her room. In her hand she carries a  
medicine bottle. She starts down the hall, towards  
the CAMERA, and then halts abruptly.

92 REVERSE SHOT, PAST Mrs. St. Aubyn. The General stands  
squarely in front of a closed door, the door to the  
room formerly occupied by Mr. St. Aubyn. Mrs. St.  
Aubyn crosses to him, but he does not move.

MRS. ST. AUBYN  
(holding out  
the bottle)  
This is for Dr. Drossos --

GENERAL  
No one goes in there. Those  
are his orders -- my orders.

MRS. ST. AUBYN  
The man is alone, dying. Let  
me by, please.

GENERAL  
Aren't you afraid?

MRS. ST. AUBYN  
(quietly)  
I am **not** afraid of dying.

She reaches for the doorknob and the General  
reluctantly steps aside.

The General watches her, frowning, as she goes in and  
closes the door behind her.

INT. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

93

MED. SHOT. The room, now scrupulously neat, is dimly lit. Dr. Drossos is propped up in bed, wearing one of his own surgery gowns. In spite of his haggard face, he is the embodiment of stern cleanliness and calm. He stares angrily at Mrs. St. Aubyn as she comes toward the bed.

DR. DROSSOS

(harshly)

There is nothing you can do here. Get out. I have no patience with martyrs.

Mrs. St. Aubyn goes to the small bedside table and pours medicine from the bottle into a glass.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

How long can one live with catalepsy, doctor?

Their eyes meet in a look of understanding. Mrs. St. Aubyn adds water to the medicine and holds out the glass.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)

An opiate. At least, you need not suffer.

Dr. Drossos shakes his head and tries feebly to push the glass away.

DR. DROSSOS

I have watched so many times.  
I will watch this time, too.

Slowly Mrs. St. Aubyn puts the glass down on the bedside table. She looks at him with admiration and sympathy. The General comes in.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

(with feeling)

You should be spared. Your knowledge -- your courage --

DR. DROSSOS

A fool's courage. Fight death all your days -- and die knowing you know nothing.

The General listens silently, intently. A spasm of pain crosses Dr. Drossos' face and Mrs. St. Aubyn leans over him anxiously. The room is filled with the SOUND of his labored breathing.

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

94 The lamps are lit. Thea and Mrs. St. Aubyn sit in the corner on the sofa. Mrs. St. Aubyn is working at her embroidery frame. Thea is watching her and at least once during the scene she bends over to adjust Mrs. St. Aubyn's cameo brooch which she wears at her throat. The General is pacing the floor, a worried frown on his forehead. As the scene opens he comes up to the brazier and stands glowering at it, deep in thought. Presently, the front door opens and Albrecht with Oliver come into the room.

ALBRECHT

(closing the  
door behind  
him, quite  
seriously)

That is the last of our friend.

Oliver starts across the room toward the little chamber under the stairs.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)

(calling out  
to him)

Where are you going?

Oliver pauses, turns to him and lifts his hands, nodding toward the General.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)

Never mind that. It does no good.

The General looks up, glares over at the other two, but says nothing.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)

It will serve our purpose a  
great deal more if we were to  
join in prayer.

OLIVER

To Hermes?

Albrecht shakes his head. He turns so as to face the two women as well as the General.

ALBRECHT

I've been mocking prayer -- making  
a joke of it out there in the  
ruins -- I've said I believe in  
nothing -- but there was a little  
boy in Switzerland who felt the  
peace and quiet of the church, who  
listened to the minister pray.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ST. AUBYN

(getting up)

You may have heard other words  
in Switzerland, but there is a  
prayer for all of us --

As she bows her head and begins to pray, Thea rises  
beside her with bent head. Oliver and Albrecht also  
pray. The General stands at the brazier, head erect,  
looking from one worshipper to the other while Mrs.  
St. Aubyn speaks the prayer.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)

(praying)

O God, the strength of the weak  
and the comfort of sufferers;  
mercifully accept our prayers,  
and grant to thy servants the  
help of thy power, that our  
sickness may be turned into health,  
and our sorrow into joy; through  
Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

After she has finished her prayer all say "Amen."

OLIVER

(to Mrs. St. Aubyn)

Thank you.

ALBRECHT

To believe, to pray -- even if  
only to some pagan God -- so  
long as belief is there, it  
brings comfort.

He turns to the General.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)

That's true, isn't it, General?

GENERAL

I did not pray.

ALBRECHT

Certainly you believe in God.

GENERAL

When I was a child the village  
priest taught me and the old  
women like Kyra and my belief  
had many sides -- good sides and  
bad sides. As a man, I put all  
this away from me. I put my  
faith in things I could feel and  
see and know about.

ALBRECHT

(looking at  
him shrewdly)

Like Dr. Drossos?

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL  
(looking him  
right in the eye)  
Like Dr. Drossos.

For a moment the two men stand looking into each other's eyes, then the General turns and walks to the door. Here he pauses. . .

GENERAL (cont'd)  
(lamely, as he  
opens the door)  
I am going out to see if there  
has been a change in the wind.

Then he lets himself out and closes the door behind him.

OLIVER  
(looking toward  
the door)  
There goes the watchdog. He  
was so proud of that -- he  
was the guardian of his  
country -- of law --

ALBRECHT  
Do you mean that the General  
felt he could guard us from  
death?

OLIVER  
I don't know -- but I think  
there was some such notion in  
his mind. With Drossos as his  
weapon he thought he could beat  
it away from us -- keep it from  
the army.

EXT. RUINS - NIGHT

95 The votive fire glows dimly between the white columns, General Pherides, his head bent, comes walking into the scene. He comes up to the brazier and stands there for a few moments and then suddenly, as if he had made up his mind, bends down, takes up a handful of dried twigs and throws them onto the fire. The fire leaps up in little wavelets of flame. Suddenly from behind him there comes, with the sharpness of torn paper, a derisive laugh. He whirls. Then, as he sees who it is, his face relaxes, he walks leisurely toward the door.

EXT. THE DOOR - NIGHT

96 Kyra stands in the doorway, her back flat against the nail-studded door. Laughter has just left her lips; they still curl in derisive amusement.

(CONTINUED)

KYRA

So, Master Soldier -- so you pretend not to believe -- and yet you feed the fires that burn for the old Gods.

She gestures toward the ruins.

GENERAL

I don't know what you are talking about.

KYRA

You know. Your friend is dead. He could not save us.

GENERAL

(interrupting)

So you want to tell me again that it is the vorvolaka -- that we have the plague here because a young girl is healthy and her mistress is sick. Bah!

Kyra clutches at him to stop him as he attempts to push past her.

KYRA

Wait! I have already told you of that. I have another warning. It is a warning that does not ask for your belief.

The General relaxes to listen.

KYRA

We are dark people out of an old soil with old blood that moves to ancient sorceries -- magic -- good spirits and bad spirits.

GENERAL

(beginning to lose patience)

Speak plainly. What are you trying to tell me?

KYRA

We face death here.

GENERAL

Did you suppose I did not know that?

(CONTINUED)

KYRA  
(disregarding  
his sarcasm)

And worse than death -- evil  
things that I know and that you  
know and Thea knows -- things  
we can not tell in words, but  
which we feel.

She touches her heart.

KYRA (cont'd)  
Feel and fear.

GENERAL  
You are an old fool. Let me  
pass.

KYRA  
(clutching at  
him)  
Wait! I am trying to save you.  
I don't ask you to believe me.  
I ask you to think of your  
dreams -- of the dreams that are  
your dim memory of what has been  
and what may be. I ask you to  
think on the hours when you sleep.  
Do you know what happens then?  
Your body may lie still in the  
bed, but what happens to your  
thoughts -- your spirit -- with  
what ancient demons does it spend  
its time and in what deeds. Can  
she say what she did last night in  
sleep?

She nods toward the door. The General thinks for a  
moment, then with a slight shake of his head, almost as  
if shaking away the thoughts she is trying to implant,  
goes to the door, takes hold of the knob, opens it and  
passes through to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

97 The General comes in, closing the door behind him.  
Albrecht is seated at his desk working and merely looks  
up in greeting. Near the brazier are Oliver and Thea  
talking together in low tones. They stop as the General  
comes into the room and seem, almost imperceptively, to  
withdraw from each other. With a nod to them, he crosses  
the room and goes into his bedroom.

INT. GENERAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

98 The General enters. He stands for a moment in deep  
thought, then sits down on the bed, looking vacantly  
at the opposite wall. It is at that moment that Oliver  
enters. He is in his shirt sleeves. He crosses over  
to the dresser, on one knob of which hangs his corduroy  
jacket. He picks it up and starts to put it on.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL

Oliver --

Oliver looks over at him.

GENERAL (cont'd)

Would you say, Oliver, that I  
am different from other men?

OLIVER

Different? No.

GENERAL

Are my thoughts different?

OLIVER

(lightly; quite  
evidently not  
anxious to get  
into any long-  
winded discussion)

Every man has his own thoughts.

He fishes through his pockets and not finding what he  
wants, opens a drawer of the dresser.

GENERAL

I can't seem to make you  
understand. Are Greeks  
different? Greek peasants --  
old fellows like myself who  
were brought up in the mountain  
villages?

OLIVER

(as he looks  
through the  
drawer for  
something)

Sure, Greeks are different from  
Bavarians -- Bavarians are different  
from Irish -- sure you're different.

GENERAL

You still don't seem to understand.  
Let me try again.

Oliver has found a package of cigarettes in the drawer  
and puts them in his pocket, then reaches for a box of  
matches on the night-table.

GENERAL (cont'd)

This trouble of ours -- this  
sickness here -- the fact that  
we may all die -- toward that  
am I different?

(CONTINUED)



OLIVER  
(for the first  
time thinking  
seriously about  
what the General  
is saying)  
Yeah -- I suppose you are --

GENERAL  
(eagerly)  
How?

OLIVER  
Albrecht and I -- and St. Aubyn  
too, before he died -- we sort  
of take it -- accept it -- but  
you're fighting it. It seems  
to me you're fighting something  
bigger than the plague --  
wrestling with something you  
can't see -- and Kyra too. I  
get that feeling from Kyra.

GENERAL  
And Thea?

OLIVER  
(smiling)  
She's young --

He stuffs the matches in his pocket and starts for the  
door.

GENERAL  
You're going to meet her --  
Don't go.

OLIVER  
What are you going to do,  
General? Give me a paternal  
lecture on bringing Thea home  
early? That's hardly the way  
to talk to a man and woman who  
may be dead tomorrow.

The General moves over, almost as if to block his way.  
Oliver opens the door, steps through it and leaves it  
open behind him. The General stands watching without  
moving. He hears the front door close behind Oliver.  
He walks forward a pace or two, listening. He hears the  
sound of footsteps on the stairs and starts forward into  
the dark living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

99 The General walks forward and takes his stand at the  
foot of the stairs facing it. Thea's light footfalls  
can be heard descending the stairs. As she reaches the  
lowest step she comes face to face with the General.  
She stops.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL

Where are you going?

THEA

I'm not sleepy. I am going out.

The General shakes his head.

GENERAL

You are going back to your room.

Thea is about to protest. He lifts his hand stopping her.

GENERAL (cont'd)

You know what my troops call me?

THEA

(with dislike)

They call you the "watchdog."

GENERAL

I am a man of duty. We have the plague here. I said I would stand watch against the plague -- but St. Aubyn died -- the Doctor died -- I have tried everything -- every reasonable remedy.

THEA

And because you failed, now you think it is due to some of Kyra's nonsense -- the evil spirit -- the vorvolaka --

GENERAL

I do not know -- perhaps.

THEA

That is stupidity. That is superstition. Let me by, please.

The General lifts up his arm to bar her way.

GENERAL

No. Listen to me. I am as unsure as you are. I do not know if this is a contagion of the soul that you carry -- a contagion bred of evil, undefinable and unearthly. Until I know I must keep you from the rest and if need demands it, I must kill you in whatever way Kyra tells me a vorvolaka can be killed.

Thea shudders, but regains her courage.

(CONTINUED)

THEA

How could I be a vorvolaka --  
I'm flesh and blood -- I  
remember my mother -- I  
remember my father --

GENERAL

Yes. But in the mornings  
when you wake, what do you  
remember of the night before --  
of your visits to the English  
woman?

THEA

Sometimes at night I tend her --  
help her when she feels ill --  
loosen the nightgown at her  
throat.

GENERAL

At her throat --

Thea looks at him.

GENERAL (cont'd)

That is what you remember.  
But can one remember dreams?  
Can a vorvolaka remember in  
her human form the things of  
evil she did at night?

He is looking at her; his eyes fastened on hers and the  
slow monotonous voice goes on and on as he talks.

GENERAL (cont'd)

(changing his  
tone to the  
directly  
accusative)

This much we know -- you walk  
at night -- you rise in the  
morning refreshed -- full of  
life, and your friend -- every  
day she grows more pale and  
listless -- weaker. This much  
we know.

He drops his voice.

GENERAL (cont'd)

How can you be so sure?

Thea has crouched back away from him. She makes no  
answer but her agitation and growing hysteria can be  
seen in her face.

GENERAL (cont'd)

(simply)  
It is best that you stay away  
from the others.

(CONTINUED)

Thea turns and starts up the stairs. The General watches her. As she begins to pass out of sight into the shadows of the upper stairway he says softly:

GENERAL

I hope that I am wrong -- I  
hope all that Kyra has said  
is untrue -- but until I  
know I must watch you.

In the darkness above, very faintly, comes Thea's voice.

THEA'S VOICE

Yes -- you must watch me.

INT. MRS. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

100 Mrs. St. Aubyn sits before the dresser, brushing her hair. In the mirror she sees Thea and smiles at her. Thea comes close to stand behind her mistress. Taking the brush from Mrs. St. Aubyn's hand, she begins to brush the older woman's hair. Mrs. St. Aubyn smiles at Thea again.

THEA

Mrs. St. Aubyn --

Mrs. St. Aubyn looks up into the mirror. Thea lets the brush drop to her side.

THEA (cont'd)

(shyly)

Were you ill before?

MRS. ST. AUBYN

Before?

THEA

Before I came to work for you.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

Of course I was ill -- for a  
long time before.

Thea makes a few desultory strokes with the brush, then questions again.

THEA

But since I came you've been  
worse?

MRS. ST. AUBYN

Yes -- that was to be expected.

(CONTINUED)

Thea resumes brushing her hair. Mrs. St. Aubyn is suddenly aware that Thea's questioning indicates some troublesome thought.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)  
Why do you ask, Thea?

Thea shakes her head. Mrs. St. Aubyn twists around on the bench in order to face Thea.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)  
You're not thinking you're at fault -- it isn't that, is it Thea?

Thea nods. Mrs. St. Aubyn takes her hand.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)  
I thought I had given you something better to hold on to than those silly stories about evil spirits and malignant forces which you heard in your home village.

THEA  
But you grow worse -- weaker --

MRS. ST. AUBYN  
It's not your fault, child. It couldn't be. It's very simple, my illness is incurable. Naturally, it grows worse as time goes on.

THEA  
It couldn't be -- my spirit -- things over which I, myself, have no force or will?

MRS. ST. AUBYN  
You are good, Thea -- kind -- generous. How could anything bad come from goodness?

THEA  
I try to be good. I try to be kind. But how do I know what my spirit --

MRS. ST. AUBYN  
Your spirit is yourself, Thea.

She pats her hand, smiling.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)  
There is no need for you to worry about vorvolakas.

(CONTINUED)

100 (CONTINUED)

Thea nods and smiles back at her.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)  
(straightening  
herself a little)  
When you left this room a few  
moments ago there was an open,  
giving look on your face. Where  
were you going? To that young  
man?

Thea nods.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)  
Why didn't you go to him?  
You met the General -- and  
he talked to you of this  
nonsense? That's it, isn't it?

Thea nods again. Mrs. St. Aubyn takes Thea's elbow  
and turns her part way toward the door.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)  
Go to your young man and wear  
that same happy, lovely look  
you had before.

She gives her a playful little push and Thea starts  
for the door.

INT. GENERAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

101 The General sits on his bed. Suddenly, he is aware  
of footsteps on the stairs. He turns toward the  
living room watching and waiting for the person to  
appear in the shaft of light thrown into the darkened  
living room. Thea steps down from the bottom stair  
into the light. He lifts his head to look at her.

102 CLOSE SHOT - Thea. She looks defiantly at the General  
and passes on through the living room.

The CAMERA REMAINS ON the General.

The sound of the door can be heard closing behind Thea.  
The General thinks a moment, then as if he had come  
to some decision, he crosses over and blows out the  
oil lamp.

(SCENE TO BE WRITTEN):

EXT. CRYPTS - NIGHT

103      Thea is walking along the crypts evidently to meet Oliver. She is frightened by little noises. In front of the crypts, she pauses, crosses herself and says a short prayer. Oliver is watching her from a short distance and looks at her with adoration. She sees him and goes to him.

Thea is nervous and startled by every little sound. Oliver asks her what is wrong and she tells him what the General has said to her. Oliver comforts her and just as he has almost completely reassured her, the General comes into the scene. A quarrel between the General and Oliver ensues. Oliver tells the General to behave himself and says that he will take Thea away from the island; they will go somewhere where they will not endanger the army, so he need have no fear of their contaminating them. The General says they shall not leave. Oliver and Thea make arrangements to meet next morning at the boat.

FADE OUT

## INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

104 The living room is empty except for the bird that hops up and down in the cage. Bright sunlight pours in through the open door and the window.

## INT. MRS. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - DAY

105 Thea is just finishing packing her few belongings into a large square kerchief. She knots the corners with a gesture of finality and turns to Mrs. St. Aubyn who is standing watching her.

THEA

(so concerned  
that she is  
almost petulant)

Why can't you come with us?

MRS. ST. AUBYN

I've told you, Thea --

THEA

(interrupting)

-- even if it is true -- even  
if there is no chance of your  
getting well, still it would  
be better if you were with us --

MRS. ST. AUBYN

(shaking  
her head)

You and Oliver -- you don't  
know where you'll be -- what  
may happen -- you could not  
guard me from what I fear --  
I don't dare go with you.

THEA

But, Mr. Albrecht, will he  
know what to do?

MRS. ST. AUBYN

I will explain everything to  
him.

(smiling  
at Thea)

But, look, you've got to get off.

She picks up Thea's bundle and puts it into her hand.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)

Oliver will be waiting for you.

THEA

No. He's to meet me later.



Mrs. St. Aubyn puts her arms about the younger girl.  
She kisses her cheek.

MRS. ST. AUBYN  
God bless you, child.

Thea clings to her for a moment, then starts from the room. At the door she pauses, seems inclined to turn back. Mrs. St. Aubyn smiles at her. Thea turns and goes.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

106 The sun, reflecting in the clear waters of the Aegean Sea, has an almost blinding quality. The boat is drawn up on the beach. The stern is deep in water. As Thea comes into the scene and crosses over to the boat to put her bundle onto the thwart, she looks in to see the water up to the gunwales.

INSERT THE BOAT. Shooting through the water it can be seen that a board has been torn off the side and through this gap the sea runs in and out.

BACK TO SCENE. Thea rushes off toward the house.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - DAY

107 The room is empty except for Kyra. She has drawn her chair close to the brazier. Before her is a hand-loom and she weaves, the shuttle passing back and forth from hand to hand. The rushing patter of Thea's footsteps, the quick opening of the door, make her turn in sudden alarm. Thea stands in the doorway, flushed, out of breath, excitement and fear glittering in her eyes.

THEA  
Mr. Albrecht? The American?  
Where are they?

KYRA  
They are not in this room. I  
cannot see through stone and  
mortar -- like some I know.

Thea despairs of getting anything out of the older woman. Even what Kyra has said has only added to her panic fear. She passes quickly through the room, runs up the stairs. Kyra gets out of her chair, crosses to the stairway and looks up the stairs. She is still standing there when the General comes in through the door. Then she starts toward the kitchen. He comes in.

INT. MRS. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - DAY

108

Mrs. St. Aubyn lies on the bed, reading. She hears Thea come through the other room. She looks up. Thea comes straight across the room, flings herself into Mrs. St. Aubyn's arms and bursts out weeping.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

Why, Thea, darling. What happened?  
Why did you come back?

THEA

The General -- he wrecked the  
boat -- he won't let me leave  
here alive --

MRS. ST. AUBYN

But why -- ?

THEA

He thinks I'm a vorvolaka --  
he wants to keep me here --  
destroy me --

She breaks off in hysterical sobbing. Mrs. St. Aubyn disengages herself from the girl's clinging arms. She gets up from the bed, talking comfortingly to Thea all the while.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

It's all right, darling -- all  
right -- he'll not harm you --  
I'll see to that --

With a determined air, she starts for the door.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - DAY

109

The General is now alone in the room. He stands at the brazier, his eyes fixed on the hazel stick which he is turning slowly in the coals. With the reflected light of the fire striking up onto his grim, expressionless face, he is the embodiment of the dread ancient beliefs to which he is reverting.

Mrs. St. Aubyn comes down into the room. At the foot of the stairs she stops.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

General Pherides!

The General turns slowly around. Mrs. St. Aubyn comes to within a few feet of him, facing him with agitation and anger.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)  
This self-appointed tyranny of  
yours cannot be tolerated.

The General looks at her calmly.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)  
What you have done before was  
bad enough. Harassing everyone  
with your orders -- forcing  
immediate burial without time  
for prayer or mourning -- but  
now this --

She catches her breath, trying to quell the flood of  
indignation. The General makes no reply. His  
continued calm silence in the face of her tirade is  
maddening to the woman. She takes another step forward.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)  
Preventing these young people  
from leaving -- persecuting a  
dear and lovely girl like Thea --  
terrorizing her with your ugly,  
savage superstitions -- I won't  
have it!

Balked and helpless before this silent man who will give  
no answer to her accusations, Mrs. St. Aubyn makes a  
violent gesture of disgust and turns away. She crosses  
to the stairway, walking rapidly. At the foot of the  
stairs, she turns.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)  
There are other men here, sane  
men. They will know how to deal  
with you.

The door opens and Oliver enters, but neither the  
General nor Mrs. St. Aubyn take notice. He stands at  
the door listening intently.

MRS. ST. AUBYN (cont'd)  
I warn you, General -- leave  
Thea alone!

GENERAL  
(implacably)  
What must be done, I shall do.

Mrs. St. Aubyn starts toward the stairs. Just as she  
begins to ascend, Oliver speaks and she pauses to look  
at him. The General also turns.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

Does that include smashing the  
only boat on the island?

GENERAL

I told you no one must leave  
the island.

Oliver crosses to him.

OLIVER

And I told you General that your  
orders do not apply to me or to  
any civilians. You have no rights  
over us. If you do anything else  
to threaten Thea, General, I'll  
forget that we've been friends.

GENERAL

What must be done I shall do.

Mrs. St. Aubyn puts her hand weakly to her throat.  
Oliver sees the gesture and takes a step toward her.  
She shakes her head, turns and goes up the stairs,  
holding onto the wall with one hand.

- 110 Thea stands before her dresser. She has loosened her hair and with a wet washcloth is trying to remove the evidences of her tears. There are light, quick steps in the hallway, and then Mrs. St. Aubyn comes in. She starts across the room toward Thea, then suddenly stops dead still; all the erectness of her anger goes out of her body. The weakening of her knees is almost a visible matter. She begins to sway. Thea goes quickly to her side, puts an arm about her waist to steady her.

MRS. ST. AUBYN

(weakly)

Thea -- you must help me -- It's --

THEA

(soothingly)

Shhh --

She supports Mrs. St. Aubyn, helping her into the other room.

INT. MRS. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - DAY

- 111 Thea helps Mrs. St. Aubyn into the room and across to the bed. Here she stops, guides one of Mrs. St. Aubyn's hands to the bedpost, leaves her there, steps to the head of the bed in order to turn back the bedclothes. Suddenly Mrs. St. Aubyn releases her hold on the bedpost sways weakly, and goes down on her knees. She tries to support herself on her hands. Thea rushes down to her, stops quickly. But already Mrs. St. Aubyn has slipped from her knees to the floor. Thea tries to support her.
- 112 CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. St. Aubyn. She is completely unconscious, her eyes closed, her mouth slightly agape.
- 113 TWO SHOT - Mrs. St. Aubyn and Thea. Thea tries to lift her, sees the unconscious state of the other woman, lets her slip gently back to the floor.
- 114 FULL SHOT. Thea rises quickly, crosses on tiptoe to the door, closes it and bolts it securely. Then she returns to the other woman. She kneels down beside her. She starts to loosen Mrs. St. Aubyn's clothing.

DISSOLVE

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

- 115 A table has been set up near the door that leads off to the kitchen. Albrecht sits at the head of the table; the General at his right hand; Oliver at the other side and Kyra at the end of the table. There are two empty places. Dinner is almost finished.

(CONTINUED)

115 (CONTINUED)

Albrecht peers over the big serving bowl in front of him at Kyra.

ALBRECHT

You did call them, didn't you,  
Kyra?

KYRA

(surly)

I told you. I knocked. The girl  
said her mistress was not well.

OLIVER

(to Albrecht)

You can make up a tray after dinner.  
Thea will probably be hungry.

KYRA

I asked. The girl said she wanted  
nothing.

Oliver shrugs.

ALBRECHT

It has been bright and warm today.  
Hardly a breath of wind. We may all  
take some comfort from the thought  
that the wind may change tomorrow.  
We always have these warm, still days  
before the Sirocco begins to blow.

Oliver gets up, goes to the door, looks out, turns  
back, disappointed.

OLIVER

It hasn't changed yet. Maybe I  
ought to go down to see the flag.

GENERAL

Wait until morning -- save yourself  
another disappointment.

DISSOLVE

INT. MRS. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

116

Mrs. St. Aubyn's body still lies at the foot of the  
bed. Moonlight, cutting in through the window, falls  
across the feet and lower legs. In a chair, looking  
down at Mrs. St. Aubyn, Thea sits. There is a gentle  
knocking at the door. She looks up. Kyra's voice,  
whispering, can be heard. Thea listens.

KYRA

(o.s.)

What do you do, Vorvolaka? What  
do you do behind locked doors?

(CONTINUED)

A look of impatience crosses Thea's face. She settles herself back in her chair.

KYRA  
(o.s. - murmuring)  
Vorvolaka! Vorvolaka!

DISSOLVE

INT. MRS. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

117 It is much later. The moonlight has crept up so it flows across the thighs and torso of the fallen woman, who still lies, lifeless, on the floor. Thea is pacing back and forth, nervously, her shadow alternately hiding and revealing the body of Mrs. St. Aubyn. Kyra's voice, louder now, can be heard from the other side of the door. She is evidently murmuring some sort of incantation as a protection against demons.

KYRA  
(o.s.)  
Vorvolaka -- I have twisted  
rose briar before your door --  
the thorns that pierced His brow  
will tear your flesh, Evil One.  
I have put salt in the fire and  
a cross of ashes on the door --  
Vorvolaka --- vorvolaka. ---

For a brief moment, Thea pauses in her nervous pacing, throws her palms against her temples frantically. She stands stock still a moment, then drops her hands and walks toward the window.

DISSOLVE

INT. MRS. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

118 It is almost morning. The moonlight has shifted to the point where it falls across the face of Mrs. St. Aubyn. Thea paces the floor with a long, quick stride, wringing her hands together. From outside the door, the tired, hoarse, drearily repetitious voice of Kyra can be heard.

KYRA  
(o.s.)  
Vorvolaka, born of evil, sinful  
and corrupt, your hands are bloody  
with violence, your mouth bitter  
with the taste of sin and  
corruption -- you are guilty and  
abhorred -- vorvolaka ---  
vorvolaka ---

Suddenly Thea stops her pacing, faces quickly toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

THEA  
(lifting her hands  
in supplication)  
Please --- I beg of you ---

Kyra's voice stops. In the sudden silence Thea kneels and bends over the body of Mrs. St. Aubyn. She puts her hands on either side of the lifeless face.

THEA (cont'd)  
(whispering;  
hysterical)  
My fault --- is it my fault --- ?

As she breaks into a storm of hysterical weeping,

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

119 It is a sunny morning. The bird is chirping in his cage by the window. Near the stairway, Kyra stands, waiting. The door to the General's room opens and he comes out, straightening his tunic.

KYRA  
I've been waiting.  
(she nods toward  
the General's room)  
I did not want him to hear.

GENERAL  
What is it?

KYRA  
The girl -- she is still in the  
Englishwoman's room.

GENERAL  
(disinterested)  
Let her stay.

KYRA  
All night long I heard her moving --  
and sometimes someone crying.  
Now everything is still. The door  
is locked.

GENERAL  
You knocked?

KYRA  
No one answered. It was quiet  
like a tomb.

The General thinks this over for a moment, then starts for the stairs. Kyra follows him.



INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

- 120 The General and Kyra come up stairs and go to the door of Kyra's room. They go in.

INT. KYRA'S ROOM - DAY

- 121 The General and Kyra pass through the room. The General knocks briskly at the door to Mrs. St. Aubyn's room. He waits. There is no answer. Again he knocks. This time thunderously. Again silence. He tests the door with his hand; finds the place where the bolt is affixed, charges stiff-armed, with the butt of his hand. The door goes crashing open.

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

- 122 Albrecht is setting out the breakfast things on the table. Oliver, pulling on his coat, is coming out from the bedroom he shares with the General. The crash of the door being forced open brings them both to a dead stop. Then both run for the stairs.

INT. MRS. ST. AUBYN'S BEDROOM - DAY

- 123 It is almost a tableau in its stillness. There is the seemingly dead woman on the floor. Thea is at the foot of the bed, her back pressed against the high wooden end of this piece of furniture. The General, with the violently opened door still quivering on its hinges, stands in the doorway. Behind him, peering over his shoulder, is Kyra.

The General straightens up. He looks at Thea. She looks at him. As their eyes meet he flings himself toward her, his hands outstretched. She tries to avoid his rush. Her movement brings her violently into contact with Oliver as he comes through the door. He clasps her around with one hand to keep her from being overthrown by the force of their collision. With his other hand he holds off the General. Albrecht comes in instantly to stand by his side. He grabs the General's arm. Together, they hold the General. After the shock of being stopped, he makes no further effort to struggle, to get at Thea, but stands quietly in the grasp of the other two.

OLIVER

Here -- wait a moment -- what's going on --

GENERAL

(indicating the body with a jerk of his head)

Look!

Albrecht releases his arm and goes over to the body. He puts his fingers on Mrs. St. Aubyn's pulse.

(CONTINUED)

ALBRECHT

(letting Mrs.  
St. Aubyn's  
wrist fall).

She is dead. She must have  
sickened last night.

THEA

No. She was not like the others.  
She fell down -- and she has not  
moved since then. She was not  
like the others.

ALBRECHT

Drossos told me the plague  
differs. Some it strikes down  
almost like that.

He snaps his fingers to indicate the swiftness of the  
death he means.

THEA

She often fainted.

OLIVER

I know --- she told us -- but  
you can't remain in a faint all  
night long.

GENERAL

Look into the eyes of this one,  
Oliver, -- and you will see how  
she died.

Oliver looks at the General, makes a sign for Albrecht  
to hold onto him, then he himself releases the General  
and putting his arm about Thea leads her from the room.

INT. THEA AND KYRA'S ROOM - DAY

124 TRUCKING SHOT as Oliver leads Thea through the room.

OLIVER

I don't know what's the matter  
with the General. Something's  
snapped -- you'd better stay  
out of his way -- get out by  
the ruins.

THEA

(protesting)

Mrs. St. Aubyn ---

OLIVER

We'll see that everything's  
done. It's best that you keep  
away.

124 (CONTINUED)

THEA

Please -- I'd rather stay.

OLIVER

No. It's bad enough to have the plague -- I don't want a madman to contend with. The General's almost rational when you're not around. You stay out of his way.

He gently propels her through the doorway and closes the door behind her. Then Oliver strides rapidly back across Thea's room to the doorway of Mrs. St. Aubyn's chamber. Through the doorway, Albrecht, the General and Kyra can be seen around the bed, examining Mrs. St. Aubyn. Oliver starts toward them.

125 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. St. Aubyn's face. Albrecht's hand, with a tiny tendril of feather between thumb and forefinger, comes into the frame. He holds the feather to her nose. It is completely motionless. .

ALBRECHT'S VOICE

Her heart is stopped -- there is no breath ---

OLIVER'S VOICE

Try the mirror -- she'd have wanted us to do that.

His hand comes into the frame and a mirror passes from his hand to Albrecht's. Albrecht's hand holds the mirror to Mrs. St. Aubyn's slack lips.

ALBRECHT'S VOICE

Nothing.

GENERAL'S VOICE

I can prove her dead enough.

OLIVER'S VOICE

(protesting)

No. We can do without that.

ALBRECHT'S VOICE

Help me get the box up here.

The figures of the three men go past the camera. Their footsteps can be heard as they leave the room; the SOUND of the door closing as they shut it behind them.

The CAMERA, which has remained focused on Mrs. St. Aubyn's face, begins to SLOWLY MOVE IN to an EXTREME CLOSEUP. Here it HOLDS a moment, and as it HOLDS there is a sudden twitch of muscles in the woman's cheek.

(CONTINUED)

125 (CONTINUED)

As the sound of the men's feet scuffling as they bring in a heavy burden is heard, the CAMERA begins to PULL BACK in order to reveal the General, Albrecht and Oliver carrying in a heavy packing box of the sort that the archeologist uses to ship statues and pieces of heavy stone carving. They put the box on the floor.

EXT. THE CYPRESS GROVE - DAY

- 126 MEDIUM FULL SHOT of Thea. With a great cypress as a background, she stands, listening, looking up. From the direction of the house comes the SOUND of a hammer beating nails into some hollow wooden structure. Thea shudders, turns and goes off toward the beach.

DISSOLVE

THE BEACH - DAY

- 127 LONG SHOT. In the f.g. is Thea. She is seated and she watches Oliver, Albrecht and the General as they carry the heavy box down the path from the house.

EXT. THE LEDGE IN FRONT OF THE CRYPTS - DAY

- 128 The little procession comes up onto the ledge and starts walking along it to the nearest crypt, the one next to that occupied by the remains of Dr. Drossos.

THE CRYPT - DAY

- 129 The men come in with the box and set it up on two stone supports. They group themselves around it and stand a moment with bowed heads.

ALBRECHT

Rest in peace.

They all file quietly out. The CAMERA does not move from the position in which it has been set. It remains FOCUSED on the coffin for a long moment, then, slowly, it begins to DOLLY IN. When it has come very close to the coffin, the sound of groaning can be heard from within the box, then a muffled cry, movement and the sound of fingernails scraping against the boards.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE LEDGE - DAY

- 130 The General sits in his camp chair looking across at the mainland. Above his head the flag is streaming to the north, and a south wind, blowing ruffles the General's hair and clothing. The General pays no attention to the flag. Oliver, half-running, comes out of the tunnel.

OLIVER

(excitedly)

General! The wind -- look --  
the wind's changed to the South.

The General glances up at the flag indifferently and  
then turns again to watch the mainland.

OLIVER (cont'd)

It's the sirocco -- we'll be  
able to get away from here --  
you can take command of your  
army again.

The General shakes his head.

GENERAL

I have had command for the last  
time --

OLIVER

Come -- you'll feel yourself  
again as soon as we get off this  
accursed island.

GENERAL

(starting  
to rise)

I will never leave the island --

As he gets to his feet, he staggers. Oliver takes his  
arm, passes it over his own shoulder and begins to help  
him toward the tunnel.

INT. THE CRYPT - DAY

131 The coffin is still sealed. But from within comes a  
muffled crying, the sound of fists beating on the  
boards, the slithering scrape of nails.

132 CLOSER SHOT - the coffin. The stifled moan of terror is  
repeated and with it comes another sound; the sound of  
movement inside the coffin, the struggle of a body to  
free itself from the hideous prison. The sound  
continues, growing more frantic with the unseen turning  
and twisting of the captive.

There comes another moan, louder and more desperate. It  
is followed by the thud of hands striking up against the  
implacable coffin lid. The hands pound again and again  
until the sound gradually rises to a wild rain of blows  
that echo in the empty crypt. There is a choking,  
bursting cry of despair. The climactic shriek breaks  
off as if the voice itself had failed. Then the  
nightmare silence is torn by a new sound; the rasp of  
fingernails being dragged slowly across the inside of  
the coffin lid.

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

- 133 Oliver, supporting the General, comes in and half-drags, half-carries the General to the door of his own room. Kyra stands watching. She follows the two men into the room.

INT. THE GENERAL'S BEDROOM - DAY

- 134 Oliver puts the General onto the bed. He loosens his tunic. Kyra hovers about, trying to help him. With the sick man on the bed, Oliver starts for the door.

OLIVER

(over his  
shoulder;  
to Kyra)  
I'm going to get Albrecht.  
Watch the General for me.

Kyra waits until Oliver has left the room, then she goes up close to the sick man and bends over him.

KYRA

Soldier!

The General stirs, opens his eyes and tries to focus them on Kyra.

KYRA (cont'd)

(feeling that  
she has gotten  
his attention)  
You stayed your hand -- now the  
plague punishes you. The  
vorvolaka still lives -- rose-  
cheeked and full of blood. I  
am alone with her.

The General makes an effort, brings himself to his elbow, rests on it, and gazes at Kyra.

GENERAL

I am not dead yet. She shall  
not harm you.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE LEDGE OUTSIDE THE CRYPTS - NIGHT

- 135 MED. LONG SHOT. The mouth of the crypt is solid black in the night. From it comes a low mutter of sound.

The coffin is silhouetted against the lighter darkness of the night outside the crypt. The dreadful sounds of the struggle within the coffin continue, but they are muted and labored, as if the strength of the entombed woman were almost spent. The moans have sunk to a low panting whine. The frantic scratching of the nails on

(CONTINUED)

135 (CONTINUED)

the coffin lid are the spaced efforts of exhaustion. As the CAMERA DOLLIES IN slowly, the scratching sound weakens and stops. The strangled moans fade into silence and over this silence comes a tiny, staccato tapping, rhythmic and distinct.

136 CLOSE SHOT - the crypt wall. Water is dripping onto the coffin. It drops with a certain, finite measure like the word "vorvolaka" repeated rapidly over and over again.

EXT. THE FLAG POLE - NIGHT

137 LOW ANGLE SHOT of the flag against wind driven clouds. The sirocco, blowing fiercely, shakes the flag. The foliage on the cliff whips about in the rising wind.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

138 Albrecht is seated at his work bench. He has a small square of emery paper in his hand, is meticulously attempting to remove the corrosion of many years from a bronze trident. Oliver and Thea are watching him as he works. At the end of the room, the door to the General's sick room, is ajar.

OLIVER

It doesn't look much like the fish spears I knew back at Marblehead.

ALBRECHT

(holding it  
up between  
him and  
the light)

The great god of the sea, Poseidon, didn't use it for fishing. He raked the wine-dark ocean with it and stirred the loud-sounding waves.

THEA

They still use spears like that at Corinth.

Almost as if the sound of her voice had stirred up the sick man's delirious fancies, the General's voice can be heard.

GENERAL'S VOICE

The vorvolaka - I hear her --  
I hear her --

Oliver makes a motion of finger to lips as warning for Thea to be quiet. They all look off toward the sick room.

OLIVER

(whispering)

He seems to know you're here.  
It sets him off. Why don't you  
get to bed. You need some sleep.

Thea shakes her head.

OLIVER (cont'd)

A little frightening up there,  
eh? Well, I can't blame you.

A thought comes to him.

OLIVER (cont'd)

Outside? It's windy -- but it's  
warm. Why don't you sit out  
there? I'll come out when the  
General quiets down a bit.

Thea thinks over this suggestion, smiles faintly and  
starts across the room, walking softly. She lets  
herself out the door, then closes it quietly behind her.

EXT. THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

139 Thea comes out of the door and stands a moment. The  
wind blows at her hair and her skirts. She lifts her  
chin, almost as if taking comfort from the boisterous  
wind. She looks off in the direction of the crypts.

EXT. THE CRYPTS - NIGHT

140 A small branch of ivy blows erratically in the wind.  
Here, where it is more exposed, the sound of the wind  
can be heard.

INT. THE CRYPTS - NIGHT

141 CLOSE SHOT of the coffin lid. The drops splash onto  
the coffin slowly and rhythmically. There is no other  
sound.

142 SHOT of the crypt wall. The water continues to drip  
down and the insistent, monotonous tapping sound comes  
up louder and louder. Over it comes a muffled voice  
from the coffin, speaking with the rhythm of the  
dripping water. It is indistinct, unintelligible at  
first, but grows stronger until the word "vorvolaka" is  
plainly heard. Mrs. St. Aubyn's voice rises to a mad  
shriek.

143 ANGLE SHOT - down onto the coffin, with the effect that  
the crypt itself seems to be a grave, with the coffin  
lying at the bottom. Scream after scream rises, echoing  
hideously. The sound of tearing, splintering wood  
blends with the wild cries and the lid of the coffin  
splits and begins to lift upward.



144

The General lies on his bed. His boots have been removed and his tunic hangs over a chair. He is tossing fitfully on the bed. Kyra kneels at the bedside and her head is very close to his. She is talking to him in a low voice.

KYRA

Alone with her in that dark room-- I'm afraid. And now there's that other one. Who dies by the vorvolaka becomes a vorvolaka. That other one -- she's in her coffin -- but she struggles to come out -- to prey on us --

She pauses, looks toward the window. Boughs beat against the panes. There is a whistle of the wind.

KYRA (cont'd)

She struggles. I can see her struggle. I can hear --

She pauses again and listens. The General struggles up to a reclining position and also listens.

KYRA (cont'd)

Hear it -- hear -- the wood splintering.

Again she listens. Quite faintly above the noise of the wind is the sound of rended wood. Then there is a dull crash.

KYRA (cont'd)

And the lid of the great box falling--- I can hear it.

She stands up -- panic in her face -- her eyes wild. The General tries to get up. His face is running with sweat.

GENERAL

I hear it.

He tries to get up. The effort is too much for him and he falls back, breathing heavily, his eyes closed. Kyra rises. There is a great draft of wind outside; it screams and moans. She looks at the General, her one supporter against the vorvolakas, hears the shrieking of the wind and her panic becomes uncontrollable. She turns and runs from the room.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

145

Kyra passes through on her way to the stairs, walking very rapidly. Oliver, who is reading, turns and looks at her, then resumes his book. Albrecht, dozing in his chair, does not even look up.

## EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

- 146 Thea stands near the door. The wind is still blowing and she seems to be enjoying the fresh, warm wind. Suddenly, a movement of something white among the cypress trees catches her eye. She looks over and seems concerned. She starts slowly off to investigate.

## INT. THE GENERAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 147 He lies on the bed, breathing weakly. His eyes are open and their movement shows him to be conscious and aware.

EXT. THE CONVERGENCE OF THE PATHS LEADING TO THE GROVE  
AND THE CRYPTS - NIGHT

- 148 Thea descends the steps to the two paths and starts to take the right-hand turn. She stops as she sees something ahead of her and peers out into the darkness. There is a low moaning sound. It stops. She takes two steps forward. The moaning sounds again. Thea is frightened. She stops a moment and then decides to take the left-hand path to the cypress grove and the beach. She has hardly disappeared from view into the darkness of the left-hand path, when Mrs. St. Aubyn comes along the path from the crypts. She wanders in a dazed condition and there is madness in her eyes. She seems puzzled as to which way she should go.

## EXT. THE CYPRESS GROVE - NIGHT

- 149 Thea walks through the grove under the dark trees. She is nervous and stops several times. Even the sudden trill of a nightingale causes her to catch her breath in surprise and stand stock still until she has identified the sound, smile at her own nervousness and pass on. All the little night sounds of the wood are exaggerated and nerve shattering to her over-sensitive ears. Finally, she reaches the little beach at the end of the cliffs and stands here safe; the space around her a guarantee against surprise.

## INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

- 150 Albrecht is nodding over his work bench. He almost falls asleep, but catches himself. He then goes on polishing the trident.

OLIVER

Napping, eh?

ALBRECHT

It's the warm wind. It makes one sleepy.

(CONTINUED)

150 (CONTINUED)

Oliver rises, crosses the room and peers into the General's room. He turns back to Albrecht and takes a few steps toward the center of the room before speaking.

OLIVER

The General's asleep -- I'll  
get Thea back.

He crosses the room and goes out the door.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

151 Oliver comes out, looks around for Thea, looks back at the open door as if wondering whether or not he should explain where he is going to Albrecht, then starts off in the same direction Thea has taken.

EXT. THE STEPS LEADING TO THE LANDING - NIGHT

152 Thea, listening and alert, starts to climb the steps. A sudden break of surf on the shingle of the beach makes her tense. She goes on up the steps to the landing.

EXT. THE LANDING - NIGHT

153 Thea comes up. The dark tunnel faces her. In the center through the broken roofing a shaft of moonlight cuts in. She stands hesitantly before the opening, then almost as if taking her courage into her hands, she begins to walk slowly, shuffling one foot after the other.

INT. THE TUNNEL - NIGHT

154 Thea comes through the darkness.

155 MED. FULL SHOT - the patch of moonlight in the tunnel. Thea comes into the patch of moonlight and breathes a little more easily. She starts to take a firmer step. Ahead of her in the darkness is a tiny unidentified noise. She freezes.

156 CLOSE SHOT - Thea. She listens. Again there is the tiny unidentifiable noise; someone moving.

THEA

(softly)  
Who is there?

She waits for an answer. The echo of her voice is flung back at her, "Who is there -- who is there" and dies away on the word "Who -- who."

157 MED. FULL SHOT - Thea in the tunnel. Ahead of her 77  
in the darkness is the movement of something white.

THEA  
Is that you, Oliver?

The echoes ring around her with her own words. They die away.

158 CLOSE SHOT - Thea. She peers into the darkness.

INT. THE TUNNEL AHEAD OF THEA - NIGHT

159 A dimly seen figure has advanced a few steps. Thea can see it is a woman.

160 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Thea.

THEA  
Kyra?

161 FULL SHOT - Thea and the dim figure ahead of her. From the darkness comes a ringing peal of maniacal laughter and a shouted name.

MRS. ST. AUBYN  
(shouting)  
Kyra!

Thea turns and runs back toward the landing. Mrs. St. Aubyn's dimly seen figure disappears in the other direction.

EXT. THE CYPRESS GROVE - NIGHT

162 Oliver stands listening to the wild echoes in the tunnel. He is puzzled and then starts running toward the beach.

THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL - NIGHT

163 Mrs. St. Aubyn comes running madly out of the mouth of the tunnel. She stops, peers around suspiciously, then goes to the door of the house and opens it softly.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

164 The fire is low in the brazier. At his work bench Albrecht has tipped his chair back against the wall and is napping. Before him on the bench lies the bronze trident, its sharp burnished points catching the firelight. Mrs. St. Aubyn creeps in, closes the door softly behind her and on tiptoe, with the cunning of madness, crosses the room to Albrecht.

(CONTINUED)

164 (CONTINUED)

She looks at him. He continues to sleep. Stealthily she reaches across the bench and takes up the trident. With the trident in her hand she begins to cross the main room toward the stairs.

INT. THE GENERAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

165 He watches Mrs. St. Aubyn go past his door. His eyes follow her.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

166 Thea comes out of the tunnel, starts down the steps looking apprehensively behind her. From the f.g. Oliver comes. His sudden appearance as she turns her head to look at her footing on the stairs frightens her. She gives a little gasp.

OLIVER

What's the matter?

THEA

In the tunnel -- something  
white -- maybe --

She breaks off.

OLIVER

Maybe what?

Thea shakes her head and instead of answering, takes his hand and begins to lead him to the crypts.

INT. KYRA'S AND THEA'S ROOM - NIGHT

167 Kyra lies still, wide awake, her eyes on the shadows on the ceiling. Suddenly, the door opens quietly and closes again. Kyra half turns her head.

KYRA

Thea?

There is a rush in the darkness, a stifled exclamation of fear, a quick blow with the trident and Kyra falls back on her pillow, dead, blood streaming from two puncture marks on her throat. Mrs. St. Aubyn straightens, gazes wildly about her for a moment, then disappears into the shadows of the room.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

168 Oliver and Thea come running up to the front door, open it and pass through hurriedly.

169 Albrecht awakens as the door closes behind Oliver and Thea.

OLIVER

Albrecht, you remember what Mrs. St. Aubyn said -- that business about being in a trance -- she must have been.

ALBRECHT

What are you talking about?

OLIVER

We put her in the coffin alive -- the box has been broken -- she's out here somewhere.

Albrecht picks up one of the oil lamps and all three start for the door. At the door Oliver takes Thea's arm and stops her.

OLIVER (cont'd)

You can't go with us. You'd better stay here. We'll need your help after we find her. In fact, you'd better lie down and get some rest. You may have a bad night ahead of you.

They go out closing the door behind them and Thea starts up the stairs.

INT. THE GENERAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

170 The General watches Thea pass. He struggles to his elbow to see more clearly, then he struggles to rise and gets himself to a half-sitting posture with one leg over the edge of the bed.

INT. KYRA'S AND THEA'S ROOM - NIGHT

171 It is so still that Mrs. St. Aubyn's movements around the wall in the darkness can be heard. Thea opens the door and comes in. She looks over at Kyra's bed. Kyra seems to be asleep. Without bothering to turn up the oil lamp, Thea turns back the covers of her bed and begins to loosen her blouse. Several times she pauses to listen as if she had heard a slight sound. As she begins to undress, a little louder noise in the darkness causes her to stop. There is no repetition of the sound, and she continues to undress.

- 172 The General has gotten out of bed. He staggers with weakness, puts his hands to his eyes as if trying to clear away the mists of blindness, and then begins to grope forward to the bedroom door.

## INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

- 173 The General comes out of his room, supporting himself with one hand against the wall. He moves blindly toward the stairs. Several times he passes his hand before his eyes as if trying to clear his vision, but the blindness of the plague is upon him.

## INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

- 174 CLOSER SHOT - The General comes up the stairs. He finds the door to Kyra and Thea's room by touch and opens it. He has to support himself on the door jamb to prevent collapse. He shuffles in.

## INT. KYRA'S AND THEA'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 175 The General blindly gropes his way in.
- 176 CLOSE SHOT - Thea. She looks over in horror from the bed where she is now lying.
- 177 MED. FULL SHOT - The General as he gropes his way across to Kyra's bed. He kneels down beside it.
- 178 MED. FULL SHOT - The General and Kyra. He gropes over her face with his hand. One hand touches the wound at her throat. He touches the blood-stained hand against the fingers of the other hand to test the wetness, then gropes again for the wound.
- 179 CLOSE SHOT - The General and Kyra. He touches the two puncture marks.

GENERAL

(muttering)

Vorvolaka.

His hand goes down to feel Kyra's heartbeat. There is none. The General straightens up and from his belt takes the small, sharp stick of hazel wood. He turns and begins blindly staggering toward the other bed with outstretched hands. His unseeing footsteps take him out of the periphery of the light into the darkness.

- 180 CLOSE SHOT - Thea. She lies still, holding her breath, trying desperately not to move, not to make a sound, not to attract the General's attention and give direction to his murderous footsteps. She looks up at the shadows on the ceiling. The lychnos casts weird moving shadows.
- 181 CLOSE SHOT - The General, as he gropes his way.
- 182 CLOSE SHOT - Thea, straining to see into the shadows beyond her bed. Suddenly, her face becomes completely terrorized.
- 183 Out of the darkness beyond the bed materializes the General's hand holding the hazel-wood stick, as it comes into the periphery of the light from the lychnos.
- 184 CLOSEUP - Thea's face. She can no longer control herself. She screams.
- 185 MED. FULL SHOT - The General comes out of the darkness, and throws himself blindly toward Thea.
- 186 ANOTHER ANGLE - Silently, swiftly, Mrs. St. Aubyn comes out of the darkness, the trident gleaming in her hand. She strikes down. The General's hands fall limp and harmless. The hazel-stick falls to the floor as the General collapses over the bed. She rushes out of the room. Thea crouches away from him, gets out on the other side of the bed. The General slips to the floor.
- INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT
- 187 Mrs. St. Aubyn comes rushing down the stairs. She dashes through the door into the darkness.
- EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT
- 188 Mrs. St. Aubyn comes running out of the house. Albrecht and Oliver are just coming out of the tunnel mouth. She dashes past them to the right and is lost in the darkness. They run after her.
- EXT. THE RUINS - NIGHT
- 189 Fog is rising from the sea so that although the columns are still clear, the cliff ends abruptly in a curtain of grey and watery vapor. Mrs. St. Aubyn, the trident held before her, comes running into scene. She pauses, looks

(CONTINUED)



forward into the grey wall before her. Behind her she can hear Oliver's and Albrecht's pounding footsteps. She lets fall the trident. It rings on the marble pavement. Then she flees again, running forward and suddenly disappearing into the grey fog. From the fog comes a long, descending scream. Oliver comes running in and looks off into the thick haze. A moment later Albrecht appears with a lantern. He stands beside Oliver and both look off. Glancing down, Albrecht sees the trident gleaming in the light. He picks it up, examines it and hands it to Oliver.

## ALBRECHT

With Poseidon's trident she paid her way to Hades. He let her pass through the portals into his dark realm.

## INT. THEA'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 190 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Thea, standing against the wall. She is rigid, motionless, scarcely breathing as she gazes off and down towards the floor.
- 191 ANGLE SHOT down onto the General, still sprawled on the floor. His body is motionless, but his hand is moving. It inches toward the fallen hazel-stick, moving as if it had a separate life of its own. The hand reaches the hazel-stick and clutches it with a sudden, spasmodic movement.
- 192 CLOSE UP of Thea, staring down towards the General.
- 193 ANOTHER ANGLE. The General starts to drag himself slowly and tortuously across the floor, towards Thea.
- 194 CLOSEUP of the General. He stares in Thea's direction, his eyes as blind and fixed as those of Cerberus. Blood glistens at his throat.
- 195 MED. CLOSE SHOT of the General moving towards Thea. With fearful effort, he inches closer and closer to Thea. The girl presses back against the wall, as if mesmerized, her face a mask of paralyzed fear. Over the scene comes the sudden sound of footsteps.

## OLIVER'S VOICE

Thea! Thea!

(CONTINUED)

Thea's face contorts in an agony of relief as Oliver hurries into the room, followed by Albrecht. Oliver goes to Thea at once, but Albrecht kneels beside the stricken General, putting his arm around him.

- 196 TWO SHOT - Albrecht and the General. The General rests against Albrecht's supporting arm. His head falls back limply. He speaks in a hoarse, panting whisper.

GENERAL

I saw the vorvolaka -- I saw her --  
saw the grave clothes -- the wings --  
(frantically)  
the face -- the eyes, the eyes of  
death and evil --

ALBRECHT

(soothingly)  
Yes -- yes. We saw her.

- 197 MED. CLOSE SHOT on group. Oliver and Thea look at each other bewilderedly.

THEA

(to Oliver)  
Why does he say that? Why  
doesn't he tell him it was  
Mrs. St. Aubyn.

Oliver puts his fingers to his lips for silence and Albrecht shakes his head warningly. The General, struggling for breath, closes his eyes.

GENERAL

She came out of the darkness --

His eyes open again and they are full of the remembered horror. His hand goes to his throat and touches blood. He shudders. Suddenly he struggles to escape Albrecht's hold. His face contorted, he turns his sightless eyes toward Thea.

GENERAL (cont'd)

I must destroy her! She must  
be destroyed --

ALBRECHT

(holding him)  
It is done. She has gone back  
to the endless night.

GENERAL

You are lying. She is here. I  
know it, I can feel it --

(CONTINUED)

The General, his life ebbing with every word he utters, sags back against Albrecht's sustaining arm. Albrecht bends close to him.

GENERAL (cont'd)

Destroy -- destroy her --save  
yourselves --

His head falls back. He is dead and Albrecht lowers him gently to the floor.

OLIVER

(to Thea)

Albrecht was right. Too late now  
to make him understand.

Albrecht stands up and looks down at the dead man, sighing.

ALBRECHT

Back of his madness, there was  
something simple -- good.

Albrecht looks up at them.

ALBRECHT (cont'd)

He wanted to protect us.

198 MED. CLOSE SHOT of the General. The CAMERA DOLLIES IN to a CLOSEUP of the stern, still face. The lids are only partly closed, so that the eyes seem still to keep watch.

ALBRECHT'S VOICE

I had to let him die with faith  
in his belief -- the vorvolaka!  
It was the only faith he knew.

FADE

EXT. THE FLAG AT THE LANDING - DAY

199 The wind blows free from the South.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

200 It is early morning and the cliffs cast long shadows over the rippling catpaws on the water. A small boat is drawn up on the beach. Thea, with her bundle of possessions beside her, sits on the thwart. Oliver stands on the beach, holding the bow, and talking to Albrecht.

(CONTINUED)

200 (CONTINUED)

OLIVER

(pressing  
Albrecht's  
hand)

Good-bye.

ALBRECHT

May life be good to you both.  
As for the others -- they will  
be quiet here -- and I will be  
with them.

Albrecht smiles at Thea and Oliver. Oliver steps into  
the bow and shoves the boat off from the beach.

FADE OUT

THE END